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A NEW LIFE OF LORD BACON

TO throw new light upon the life of Lord Bacon, and to produce hitherto unknown facts in regard to it, are deeds of great importance to those who are Baconian admirers. Yet this is what I think I am able to perform in the few following pages:—

In the year 1631 there was published in Paris by the firm of Antoine de Sommaville and Andre de Soubbron a book entitled "*Histoire Naturelle de M^{re} Francois Bacon, Baron de Verulan (sic) Vicomte de Saint Alban et Chancelier d'Angleterre.*" At first one might imagine that this was a translation of Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*," but a very slight examination shows that that this is not the case. It is a treatise on Natural History in French, that has no counterpart in English—at least none is published. The translator, who is made known to us only under the initials "D. M.," tells us in the Address to the Reader that he had been aided for the most part in his translation by the author's MSS.; but the manner of obtaining these is not explained, nor is any explanation offered of the interesting fact that these manuscripts have never appeared in English. But "D. M." tells us further that on account of his having been aided by these manuscripts he has considered it

necessary to add to, or diminish, many of the things that had been omitted or added to by Bacon's chaplain (Rawley), who, after the death of his master, had all the papers that he found in his cabinet confusedly printed; and he adds further, "I say this so that those who understand the English language may not accuse me of inaccuracy when they encounter in my version many things that they will not find in the original." From this it would seem that "D. M." had his eye upon an English edition of the work he was translating. If so, there is nothing anywhere recorded of it.

The license to print is not issued to "D. M.," but to one Pierre Amboise, Escuyer, sieur de la Magdelaine, who is said to have translated into French a book entitled the "Natural History of Mr. Francis Bacon, Chancellor of England, with some Letters of the same Author; together with the Life of the said Mr. Bacon, prepared by the said Applicant," which he desires to bring into light. This would seem to cut "D. M." out of the work altogether and make us look only to Amboise as the translator, though it is "D. M." who signs the Epistle dedicatory and who would lead us to believe that he had made the translation. Curiously, too, though the license to print is given with so much particularity, there are no letters of Bacon's in the volume; but at the end of it there is a translation into French of Bacon's "New Atlantis," which, so far as I have been able to examine it, seems to be fairly literal, and about which nothing was said in the license.

The book is dedicated by D. M. to the Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who was Ambassador Extraordinary to England from France in 1629 and 1630; and from the Dedication to the permission to publish "*Avec Privilege du Roi*," the book has all the appearance of having been brought out under auspices of the highest class and in a perfectly authoritative manner.

Following upon the license to print, there is the "Life of Bacon," and this it is that seems to be particularly interesting. Except for the allusion that I have quoted in the license to print, the writer of this is not identified, not even by initials. The short sketch that he gives is interesting in that it differs in many points from the Life that was brought out—long afterwards—by Rawley, and which has been so faithfully followed by subsequent biographers. We miss in this French sketch the little stories about Bacon's being called by the Queen her "little Lord Keeper," and of his reply to Her Majesty, when asked how old he was, that he was just two years younger than Her Majesty's happy reign—stories which (faithfully retailed by Rawley) I confess have never seemed to me to be particularly illuminating. Instead, we have the information that he spent some years of his youth in travel—in France, Italy and Spain—and that his father was extremely solicitous about his education and upbringing. Important facts such as these are unnoticed by Rawley and unknown to other writers. And yet in this life other important matters are slighted; there is no mention of dates of either birth or death, nor is the name of either his father or his mother ever brought out; his father is spoken of simply as "son pere"; his mother not at all; and it is important to notice that this "Life of Bacon" in French was the first that ever appeared in print. At the date 1631 no account of his life had come out in English, and it was not until 1657 that Rawley brought out for the first time his life of the Lord Bacon as part of the "Resuscitatio, or Bringing into Public Light of Several Pieces."

The first edition of the "*Sylva Sylvarum*" was published in 1627, but there was no Life included with that; and it was not until the 9th edition of that work, published in 1670, that the Life appeared with it.

Neither did the Life appear with the English version of *The Advancement of Learning*, published in 1640, as might reasonably have been the case; but, as I said above, it was held back to make its first appearance in 1657. This sketch that appeared in this French book of 1631—only five years after Bacon's death—is undoubtedly the first printed Life, and antedates its English counterpart by some twenty-six years. I think this adds very materially to the value of this work, and, in considering it, it is important to notice in how many particulars it differs from the orthodox conception of Bacon's parentage and early years. What "son pere" did for him as described in this sketch differs greatly from what Sir Nicholas Bacon did, or could possibly have done. Sir Nicholas died on the 20th February, 1579, when Francis was barely turned 18 years of age, and left him without any provision for education or maintenance. Such was not the conduct of "son pere" as set out in this Life. The cipher story, that disclosed the information that Bacon was the son of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, born of their secret marriage, is familiar to students of the Baconian question, and it is remarkable how the language of this Life lends support to that tale.

The translation of the sketch is as follows:—

DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE OF M. FRANCIS BACON,
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

(Translated from "*Histoire Naturelle*," Paris, 1631.)

Those who have known the quality of M. Bacon's mind from reading his works will, in my opinion, be desirous to learn who he was, and to know that Fortune did not forget to recompense merit so rare and extraordinary as was his. It is true, however, that she was less gracious to his latter age than to his youth; for his life had such a happy beginning, and an end so rough and strange, that one is astonished to see England's

principal Minister of State—a man great both in birth and in possessions—reduced actually to the verge of lacking the necessities of life.

I have difficulty in coinciding with the opinion of the common people, who think that great men are unable to beget children similar to themselves, as though nature was in that particular inferior to the art which can easily produce portraits that are likenesses; especially as history teaches us that the greatest personages have often found in their own families heirs of their virtues as well as of their possessions. And, indeed, without the need of going to search for far-away examples, we see that M. Bacon was the son of a father who possessed no less virtue than he; his worth secured to him the honour of being so well beloved by Queen Elizabeth that she gave him the position of Keeper of the Seals and placed in his hands the most important affairs of her kingdom. But, in truth, it pains me to say that soon after his promotion to the first-named dignity he was the principal instrument that she made use of in order to establish the Protestant religion in England. Although that work was so odious in its nature, yet, if one considers it according to political maxims, we can easily see that it was one of the greatest and boldest undertakings that had been carried out for many centuries; and one ought not the less to admire the author of it, in that he had known how to conduct a bad business so dexterously so as to change both the form of religion, and the belief, of an entire country without having disturbed its tranquility. M. Bacon was not only obliged to imitate the virtues of such an one, but also those of many others of his ancestors, who have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem to have been at all times the spoil of his family. Certain it is that no one can reproach him with having added less than they to the splendour of his race. Being thus born in the purple (*nè parmy les pourpres*) and brought up with the expectation of a grand career (*l'esperance d'une grande fortune*) his father had him instructed in "*bonnes lettres*" with such great and such especial care that I know not to whom we are the more indebted for all the splendid works (*les beaux ouvrages*) that he has left to

us, whether to the mind of the son, or to the care the father had taken in making him cultivate it. But however that may be, the obligation we are under to the father is not small.

Capacity (*jugement*) and memory were never in any man to such a degree as in this one: so that in a very short time he made himself conversant with all the knowledge he could acquire at college. And though he was then considered capable of undertaking the most important affairs (*capable des charges les plus importantes*), yet so that he should not fall into the usual fault of young men of his kind (who by a too hasty ambition often bring to the management of great affairs a mind still full of the crudities of the school) M. Bacon himself wished to acquire that knowledge which in former times made Ulysses so commendable, and earned for him the name of Wise; by the study of the manners of many different nations. I wish to state that he employed some years of his youth in travel in order to polish his mind and to mould his opinion by intercourse with all kinds of foreigners. France, Italy, and Spain, as the most civilized nations of the whole world, were those whither his desire for knowledge (*curiosite*) carried him. And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the kingdom (*le timon du Royaume*) instead of looking only at the people and the different fashions in dress, as do the most of those who travel, he observed judiciously the laws and the customs of the countries through which he passed, noted the different forms of Government in a State, with their advantages or defects, together with all the other matters which might help to make a man able for the government of men.

Having by these means reached the summit of learning and virtue, it was fitting that he should also reach that of dignity. For this reason, some time after his return, the King, who well knew his worth, gave him several small matters to carry out that might serve for him as stepping stones to high positions; in these he acquitted himself so well that he was in due course considered worthy of the same position that his father vacated with his life. And in carrying out the work of Chancellor he gave so many proofs of the largeness of

his mind that one can say without flattery that England owes to his wise counsels, and his good rule, a part of the repose she has so long enjoyed. And King James, who then reigned, should not take to himself alone all the glory of this, for it is certain that M^{re} Bacon should share it with him. We may truly say that this Monarch was one of the greatest Princes of his time, who understood thoroughly well the worth and the value of men, and he made use to the fullest extent of Mr. Bacon's services and relied upon his vigilance to support the greater part of the burden of the Crown. The Chancellor never proposed anything for the good of the State, or the maintenance of justice, but was carried out by the Royal power, and the authority of the Master seconded the good intentions of the servant; so that one must avouch that this Prince was worthy to have such a Minister, and he worthy of so great a King.

Among so many virtues that made this great man commendable, prudence, as the first of all the moral virtues, and that most necessary to those of his profession, was that which shone in him the most brightly. His profound wisdom can be most readily seen in his books, and his matchless fidelity in the signal services that he continuously rendered to his Prince. Never was there man who so loved equity, or so enthusiastically worked for the public good as he; so that I may aver that he would have been much better suited to a Republic than to a Monarchy, where frequently the convenience of the Prince is more thought of than that of his people. And I do not doubt that had he lived in a Republic he would have acquired as much glory from the citizens as formerly did Aristides and Cato, the one in Athens, the other in Rome. Innocence oppressed found always in his protection a sure refuge, and the position of the great gave them no vantage ground before the Chancellor when suing for justice.

Vanity, avarice, and ambition, vices that too often attach themselves to great honours, were to him quite unknown, and if he did a good action it was not from the desire of fame, but simply because he could not do otherwise. His good qualities were entirely pure, without being clouded by the admixture of any imperfections, and the passions that form usually the defects

in great men in him only served to bring out his virtues ; if he felt hatred and rage it was only against evil-doers, to shew his detestation of their crimes, and success or failure in the affairs of his country brought to him the greater part of his joys or his sorrows. He was as truly a good man as he was an upright judge, and by the example of his life corrected vice and bad living as much as by pains and penalties. And, in a word, it seemed that Nature had exempted from the ordinary frailties of men him whom she had marked out to deal with their crimes. All these good qualities made him the darling of the people and prized by the great ones of the State. But when it seemed that nothing could destroy his position, Fortune made clear that she did not yet wish to abandon her character for instability and that Bacon had too much worth to remain so long prosperous. It thus came about that amongst the great number of officials such as a man of his position must have in his house, there was one who was accused before Parliament of exaction, and of having sold the influence that he might have with his master. And though the probity of Mr. Bacon was entirely exempt from censure, nevertheless he was declared guilty of the crime of his servant and was deprived of the power that he had so long exercised with so much honour and glory. In this I see the working of monstrous ingratitude and unparalleled cruelty—to say that a man who could mark the years of his life rather by the signal services that he had rendered to the State than by times or seasons, should have received such hard usage for the punishment of a crime which he never committed ; England, indeed, teaches us by this that the sea that surrounds her shores imparts to her inhabitants somewhat of its restless inconstancy. This storm did not at all surprise him, and he received the news of his disgrace with a countenance so undisturbed that it was easy to see that he thought but little of the sweets of life, since the loss of them caused him discomfort so slight. He had, fairly close to London, a country house replete with everything requisite to soothe a mind embittered by public life as was his, and weary of living in the turmoil of the great world. He returned thither to give himself up more completely to the study of his books and to

pass in repose the remainder of his life. But as he seemed to have been born rather for the rest of mankind than for himself, and as by the want of public employment he could not give his work to the people, he wished at least to render himself of use by his writings and by his books, worthy as these are to be in all the libraries of the world and to take rank among the most splendid works of antiquity.

"The History of Henry VII." is one of those works which we owe to his fall, a work so well received by the whole world that one has wished for nothing so much as the continuation of the history of the other kings. And even yet he would not have given opportunity for these regrets had not death cut short his plans, and thus robbed us of a work that bid fair to put all the others to shame.

The "Natural History" is also one of the fruits of his idleness. The praiseworthy wish that he had to pass by nothing, but to connote the nature and qualities of all things, induced his mind to make researches which some learned men may perhaps have indicated to him, but which none but himself could properly carry out—in which he has without doubt achieved so great a success that but little has escaped his knowledge; so that he has laid bare to us the errors of the ancient philosophy, and made us see the abuses that have crept into that teaching under the authority of the first authors of the science. But whilst he was occupied in this great work want of means forced him to concentrate his mind on his domestic affairs. The honest manner in which he had lived was the sole cause of his poverty, and as he was ever more desirous of acquiring honour than of amassing a fortune, he had always preferred the interests of the State to those of his house, and had neglected, during the time of his great prosperity, the opportunities of enriching himself; so that after some years passed in solitude he found himself reduced to such dire necessity that he was constrained to have recourse to the King, to obtain by his liberality some alleviation of his misery. I know not if poverty be the mother of beauty, but I aver that the letter he wrote to the King on that occasion is one of the most beautiful examples of that style of writing

ever seen. The request that he made for a pension is conceived in terms so lofty and in such good taste that one could not deny him without great injustice. Having thus obtained the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, he again applied himself as before to unravel the great secrets of nature; and as he was engaged during a severe frost in observing some particular effects of cold, having stayed too long in the open and forgetting that his age made him incapable of bearing such severities, the cold, acting the more easily on a body whose powers were already reduced by old age, drove out all that remained of natural heat and reduced him to the last condition that is always reached by great men only too soon. Nature failed him while he was chanting her praise; this she did, perhaps, because, being miserly and hiding from us her best, she feared that at last he would discover all her treasures and make all men learned at her expense. Thus ended this great man, whom England could place alone as the equal (*en parallèle avec*) of the best of all the previous centuries.

Such is the Life. With the difficulties of translation I fear that I have only imperfectly brought out the spirit of the original. Parts of the work are so intimate and so introspective that the thought has come to me that I was dealing—not with Pierre Vamboise or with “D. M.”—but with Bacon’s own “*Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*.” One seems to catch the personal note of bitterness, grieving over unrealized hopes and shattered ambitions.

“The long bright day is done
And darkness rises from the fallen sun !”

And again the fierce cry of indignation is heard at the recollection of the “monstrous ingratitude” and “unparalleled cruelty” from which he has suffered. All this is so different from the dry and precise details of Rawley’s “Life,” so much more interesting, and, if one may venture to say it, so much more like Bacon.

When we analyse the Life in detail we find passages that are impossible to reconcile with the theory of the Sir Nicholas Bacon parentage, while at the same time there are statements that will not fit with Leicester. The information that "son pere" was the principal instrument used to establish the Protestant Religion in England is not readily applicable to either Sir Nicholas Bacon or Leicester, though, I think more can be brought forward as indicating Leicester than Sir Nicholas. In the anonymous book called "Leicester's Commonwealth," first published about 1584, and recently produced afresh by Mr. Burgoyne, of the Brixton Library, there are passages that shew that Leicester interested himself to a great extent in what one may call religious politics. But, indeed, Leicester's power was so great, and he used it in so masterful a fashion, that almost whatever he had a mind to he could do.

The remarks about Bacon's ancestry are very significant. Tracing his ancestors through Sir Nicholas Bacon, how could it be said that they "have left so many marks of their greatness in history that honour and dignity seem at all times to have been the spoil of his family"?

Sir Nicholas came of no exalted stock; his father was Mr. Robert Bacon, of Chiselhurst; and his mother, Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Caye, of Pakenham, in the county of Suffolk.* But tracing the ancestry through Leicester and Queen Elizabeth the statement was well within the truth. And in the very next sentence the author speaks of "the splendour of his race," a phrase quite inapplicable to the progenitors of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Of Leicester, too, it could be said with much more force than of Sir Nicholas that Her Majesty "placed in his hands the most important affairs of the Kingdom." At his death in 1588 he was

* Birch's "Heads of Illustrious Persons," p. 31.

Lieutenant-General and Marshall of all England ;* the latter a position that has never been held by any other subject. On the other hand Sir Nicholas, though he was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was never advanced to the position and title of Lord Chancellor.

Again, take the phrase "born in the purple" as applied to Francis Bacon ; this is striking in its clear significance ; so, too, is the expression "brought up with the expectation of a great career."

By no stretch of imagination could this apply to the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon ; Sir Nicholas died when Francis was just 18, and left no provision at all for him (see Rawley's "Life"). Again, how very clear and striking are the remarks about Bacon's travels. All that we know hitherto about his having been abroad is contained in Rawley's "Life." What he says is that Francis, being 16 years of age and having learnt all that College could teach him, was sent to be with the English Ambassador in Paris, Sir Amyas Paulet. This was in 1577 and, with the exception of a visit to Queen Elizabeth, he remained here until the death of Sir Nicholas, which took place on the 20th February, 1579. Barely two years covers the time of the Paris visit. True it is that Rawley in the "Life" vaguely says, "Being returned from travel," without specifying where he had been, or how long, or the time of his return. But this French Life plainly says that he spent some years of his youth in travel, and passed through France, Italy and Spain. We have here the very sort of education that one would say Bacon must have received in order to form him for the work he afterwards did. Note, too, the extraordinary sentence : "And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom," &c. What can this mean except that the author of this "Life" conceived that Bacon at

* Stowe's "Chronicles," p. 750. Edition 1615.

that time was filled with the idea of his royal birth? The cipher story, to which I have alluded, tells us that he came to the knowledge of the wonderful position in which he stood when he was about 16 years of age, and just before he was sent away to be with Sir Amyas Paulet. In the above quotation there is an unmistakable recognition of this fact, and I do not think that there is any other reasonable explanation of the passage but that the writer had reference to Bacon's exalted parentage.

It is curious to note that from this period of travel the Life makes a jump into the reign, and well into the reign, of James I. ; all the period of Queen Elizabeth's life is passed over without a word. The hiatus is very remarkable, and may be not without significance.

The account, too, that is given of Bacon's life and work after his fall and retirement is very interesting and has about it a personal note that seems to me most striking. The thoroughly intimate manner in which the writer speaks of the letter Bacon wrote to King James is highly curious, remembering that this Life was published early in 1631. I conceive it is impossible that this letter could have been public property at this early date ; Rawley does not give it in the "*Resuscitatio*" published in 1657 ; nor is it given in the "Cabala" that appeared in 1654 ; but it is given by Stephens in his "Letters of Sir Francis Bacon" published in 1702,* and in a footnote there, I gather that it was quoted in one of Howell's letters ; I do not know the date of this publication, but from Stephens' remarks it plainly does not long antedate his own. And yet the writer in this 1631 book speaks of this letter in a manner shewing that he was thoroughly familiar with it.

The choice of the person to whom this book is dedicated is not without a certain significance. It is

dedicated to Monseigneur de Chasteauneuf, who, as I said before, was Ambassador Extraordinary to England in 1629 and 1630. Allowing for differences of spelling, I imagine that this de Chasteauneuf was a relative, possibly a son, of the Monsieur de Castelnau, Ambassador to England from France in Elizabeth's reign, of whom Birch speaks in his "Heads of Illustrious Persons" (published in 1747), under the title "Leicester," as having been directed by his Government to press on the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. The passage from Birch is extremely interesting, and as he relies upon the "Memoirs de Monsieur de Castelnau" for the statement he makes, perhaps I may be permitted to quote. He says: "When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she gave him [that is Leicester] the earliest marks of her esteem, and in the first year of her reign made him Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter. Encouraged by these signal distinctions, he flattered himself with the most promising hopes, and imagined that if his Lady were dead he needed not despair of soon rendering himself agreeable to Her Majesty. With this view he sent her into the country to the house of one of his dependents at Comnore, near Abington, where it is said he first attempted to have her taken off by poison; but, failing in this design, caused her to be thrown down from the top of a staircase and murdered by the fall." [This of course refers to the unfortunate Amy Robsart]. "In the meantime he met with a more favourable reception than ever from the Queen. The management of all affairs was principally intrusted to him; and though Her Majesty did not openly countenance his pretensions, she seems not to have been at all displeased with the overture. She frankly declared to Sir James Melvill, the Scottish Ambassador, that she looked upon him as her brother

and her best friend ; and that, had she ever designed to have married, her inclination would have led her to make choice of him for a husband. And some time after, when Monsieur de Castelnau, the Ambassador of France, was pressing this match by order of the French Court, she told him that if this nobleman had been descended of a Royal Family, she would readily have consented to the motion he made in his master's name ; but she could never resolve to marry a subject of her own, or raise a dependent into a companion."

Of course, by the cipher story, we are told that the marriage had been performed a considerable time before the date of the conversation with Castelnau and, while he was pressing for the marriage, Elizabeth was holding back from the public acknowledgment of what had already been accomplished. Doubtless she wished to preserve to herself the right of either proclaiming the marriage, or treating it as a morganatic alliance, a policy of hesitation that was made decisive by the sudden death of Leicester in 1588. But however that may be, I think there is an interesting connection shewn by the similarity of names between the man to whom this book is dedicated and the Monsieur de Castelnau who favoured the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester.

It must be readily apparent that the publication of this "Life" at the time it was brought out, containing allusions such as I have pointed out, was not unattended with danger to author and printers, if these allusions were too clear. Indeed, to obtain the King's license it would be necessary to make these allusions sufficiently obscure. We must remember that Louis XIII. was brother to our own Queen Henrietta Maria, and therefore care would have to be taken that the Royal license was not asked for anything that might be obnoxious to Royal feelings, as this would be merely to court a

refusal. If one could find a Spanish edition of a work of Bacon's about this period, with a life of the author prefixed, one might look for a greater freedom of speech, and a further lifting of the veil.

There are other thoughts about this life that will doubtless occur to those who are more familiar with the literature of the subject than I. There is no mention of this book in Spedding, I believe, nor does he seem to have known of its existence. There is a copy in the British Museum, which I am informed was added to the Library about 1820.

GRANVILLE C. CUNNINGHAM.

12th February, 1906.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF SHAKESPEARE.

(Concluded from page 43.)

WE will now turn our attention to the most important differences between the two plays. These are particularly interesting; for, while they afford the strongest evidence in support of the identity of authorship, they also point in the most unmistakable manner to the fact that that author was Francis Bacon. The brain that conceived *The Troublesome Raigne* is not a brain of intrinsically inferior calibre to that which gave birth to *King John*; it is a brain in an earlier stage of development—less mature and less experienced. And that brain is the brain of "Shakespeare." All the traits which are admittedly characteristic of his early work are there. But on this point more anon. The main differences, as I was saying, are generally such as we should naturally expect to find between a play written

by a genius in his early youth and the same play rewritten by him in his latter years, and particularly such as we might look for in the writings of Bacon's youth and age. Thus, one of the most remarkable changes in the later play is the absence of the violently anti-papal spirit which breathes through *The Troublesome Raigne*. In the former, John's opposition to the Pope finds expression just so far as it is historical and consistent with his policy and character. But the latter is made to *preach* no-Popery, and no possible opportunity is lost of dragging in diatribes against the See of Rome and the whole papal system. An introductory verse gives the *raison d'être* of the piece as the representation of the man who threw off the papal yoke, even though the play itself, following history, shows that *John* actually ended by subjugating England to Rome more completely than ever. The Pope is “a priest, a man of pride,” “the arche proud titled priest of *Italy*,” &c., &c. Such expressions as “popelings,” “misproud priest,” “abbey-lubbers,” and so forth, are plentifully sprinkled all through. King John soliloquises :—

“Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
T' abolish Pope and Popery from thy Realme ;
But in thy Seate, if I may gesse at all,
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.”

And again—

“I cry unto my God
“As did the Kingly Prophet *David* cry
I am not he shall buyld the Lord a house
Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth.
But if my dying heart deceave me not,
From out these loins shall spring a kingly branch
Whose arms shall reach unto the gate of *Rome*
And with his feete tread down the Strumpet's pride
That sits upon the chayre of *Babylon*.”

In *King John* the apparition of the five moons is

merely reported and supposed to presage Arthur's death. But in *The Troublesome Raigne* it is actually seen by *King John* and others, and explained by the prophet. The sky is Rome, and the smallest moon "that whirles about the rest" is Albion,

"Who gins to scorne the Sea and State of Rome
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope."

One whole scene—the principal omission in *King John*—is written solely to attack and ridicule the monastic system, and to portray it as the home of immorality. The scene is broad farce, written in doggerel rhyme which very strongly recalls *Love's Labour's Lost*, and must have been very popular with Elizabethan playgoers. And finally the play concludes with the following couplet :—

"If England's Peeres and people join in one
Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them wrong."

This is just what we should expect from young Francis Bacon, still under the influence of his strongly Protestant surroundings, and whose mother was so staunch a Protestant that the good lady on one occasion had a messenger from her dear son clapped into prison for no other reason than that he was a papist, and she feared the effect of his influence on her boy. On the other hand, we know how nobly tolerant of religious differences Bacon became in his later years.

Scarcely less striking than the modification of religious antipathy is the great advance which *King John* shows in power of characterization. This is a change which must necessarily be due to the experience of years. The characters—with, perhaps, one notable exception to which I shall refer directly—are not different, but in the later version they are more crisply and more consistently drawn. In the earlier play

speeches are sometimes put into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ* rather because the author wished them said than because they are suitable to the character. This is especially noticeable in the case of *Falconbridge*; doubtless because his is the character of greatest individuality. In both versions he is a “hote yong man” (*Troublesome Raigne*), “a good blunt fellow” (*King John*), with a strong sense of humour and loyal to the core. But in the later version his sense of humour and his blunt honesty are more prominent, and he never falls into a trance and poetic rhapsody as he does in the earlier one. The gain is great from a dramatic point of view, though we have to regret at least one passage of so much poetic beauty that I beg to be allowed to quote it. *King John* asks *Philip*, by way of settling the disputed question of his parentage, to declare whose son he is—not a very logical demand, but founded on an historical case which actually occurred in France. Philip thereupon falls into a trance and exclaims:—

“*Philippus atavis edite regibus*
 What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?
Quo me rapit tempestas?
 What winde of honour blows this furie forth?
 Or whence procede these fumes of majestie?
 Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound
 That *Philip* is the sonne unto a King;
 The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees
 Whistle in concert I am Richard's sonne:
 The bubbling murmur of the waters fall
 Records *Philippus Regius Filius*:
 Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
 Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth.
 Birds, bubbles, leaves and mountains, eccho, all
 Ring in mine ears that I am Richard's sonne.”

The exception to identity of character to which I alluded just now is Prince Arthur, though even here the alteration is more a matter of age than of actual

character. *The Troublesome Raigne*, historically correct, represents him as a youth, while in *King John* the poet disregards history and paints him as quite a child. This is a bold dramatic stroke, natural enough on the part of an experienced play-wright, since it makes the innocent victim a still stronger foil to his cruel and unnatural murderer. The young author, inexperienced in play-writing, would not venture to alter history; and to him, too, the historical Arthur, only a very few years younger than himself, would not seem so much of a child; but to the elderly man there would be little difference between a child of, say, fourteen and a lad of sixteen. So the unfortunate young prince of *The Troublesome Raigne* is a gentle, pious, and precocious lad, a (perhaps unconscious) auto-portrait, as I think, of Bacon himself. When he pleads with Hubert, it is the heinousness of the crime on which he insists, and the peril of Hubert's soul.

"Oh, *Hubert*, makes he thee his instrument
 To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
 Heaven weeps, the saints doo shed celestiall teares,
 They feare thy fall and cyte thee with remorse;
 They knock thy conscience, mooving pity there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell.
 Hell, *Hubert*; trust me, all the plagues of hell
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.
 This seale the warrant of the bodies blisse,
 Ensureth *Satan* chieftaine of thy soule;
 Subscribe not, *Hubert*; give not God's part away.
 I speak not only for eyes priviledge,
 The chief exterior that I would enjoy;
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack:
 A cause internall and eternall too.
 Advise thee, *Hubert*, for the case is hard
 To loose salvation for a king's reward."

And we trace the mother's influence once more in

the death scene. Mrs. Rose has maintained that in the early play Arthur “is an unconscionable time dying.” This may be so from a stage manager’s point of view ; though, indeed, he is not long about it. But stagecraft is responsible for the loss of one beautiful feature, which we miss with regret in the later version. When Arthur begins to recover consciousness after his fatal fall, his first words are to call upon his mother, whom he imagines to be by him ; and he expires with a prayer for her happiness on his lips.

We must now turn to the question of classicism. The amount of classical learning displayed—I use the word “displayed” advisedly—in a “Shakespeare” play is an acknowledged test of the date of its composition. In some of the earliest it amounts to an evident desire to show off the writer’s wide and intimate acquaintance with the language and legends of Greece and Rome. It will easily be seen how strongly this favours the true—*i.e.*, the Baconian—authorship of the works. We are asked by the “orthodox” to believe that William Shaksper, arriving in London “almost destitute of polished accomplishments,” as Halliwell-Phillipps not inaccurately but somewhat euphemistically says, set himself to acquire that extensive acquaintance with the classics which is characteristic of the works acknowledged as “Shakespeare’s.” There is not a trace of external evidence that he did so ; and everything that we do know for a fact which might give us any possible insight into his personal character, cries loudly that it is about the last thing he would have done ; every fact which we know of his actual life in the capital suggests that it is the last thing he could have done. His time must have been well occupied with serving and acting in the theatre, and in pushing his fortunes with a success which argues a large expenditure of business talent, energy, and time.

Moreover, it was not classics alone that he must have studied, but also modern languages, law, medicine—in fact, he must "have taken all knowledge for his province." However, let us suppose that he could have done this ; and, having stretched our imagination to this point, another turn or two of the mental rack cannot make much difference ; so let us suppose that he actually did do so. What would have been the effect on his works ? It may be stated with absolute certainty that we should have seen the classical element becoming gradually more and more noticeable in them for, at least, a considerable portion of his literary career. The real facts, as is well known, are exactly the reverse. And, in truth, looking at the question from an unbiassed and unprejudiced point of view, there can be no shadow of doubt that the young "Shakespeare" was widely read in the classics, and, with a touch of that vanity which is inseparable from youth, especially brilliant youth, was not averse from displaying his learning. This is a trait which would naturally fade with the mere advance of age and with the extension of knowledge in other directions. I must apologise if I seem to have digressed. I return at once to *The Troublesome Raigne*. I shall not weary my readers with a list of the classicisms ; suffice it to say that quotations from Cato, Horace, Ovid, Virgil, and other authors ; allusions to multifarious classical legends and history and Latin names, fall continually from the mouths of any and all of the characters, not excepting the ladies. Thus Queen Elinor asks,

"Know you not *omne simile non est idem* ?"

Compare *Julius Cæsar*, Act II., Sc. 3.

"That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earns to thinke vpon."

And Constance :—

“Must I discourse? Let *Dido* sigh and say
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*.”

The siege of Troy, with its various incidents, is continually cropping up; the stories of Nero, Lucrece, and others; the legends of Phæton, Icarus, Io, the Giants, the Furies, Hades, and many more. The sun is *Titan*, the moon *Luna*, the earth *Tellus*, war *Mars*, death *Mors*, the Thames *Thamesis*, and so on; I had almost said *ad infinitum*.

There are two other characteristics of “Shakespeare’s” plays which are used, and, provided they are not strained too far, justly used, as tests of the date of composition. To these I must briefly allude. They are “rhyme” and the “run-on line.” Generally speaking, the earlier the play the more rhymes will be found in it. Let it be granted that ~~The~~ *The Troublesome Raigne* is “Shakespeare’s,” and the amount of rhyme—even excluding the monastery scene, which is entirely in rhymed lyrics—would at once stamp it as a very early work; though the percentage of rhymes is so much higher in the first part than in the second as to lead me to believe that some years may have elapsed between the composition of the two.

The “run-on line” test is this: In the earlier plays of “Shakespeare” the number of lines in which the sense has no pause at the end of the line, but runs straight on into the next is very small, while in the latest plays such lines are very frequent. This test would also place *The Troublesome Raigne* in the former category.

Looking over the varied evidence collected above as to the authorship of *The Troublesome Raigne* and *King John*, I would sum up, if I might be pardoned for parodying a passage from *Julius Cæsar*, by saying, “When these prodigies do so conjointly meet, let not men say, ‘*These are their reasons, they are natural*’;

for I believe they are portentous things unto the author ; that they point upon one and the same author for both plays, whose pen-name was Shakespeare and whose personal name was Francis Bacon."

FLEMING FULCHER.

ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

"R. J. D. S." thinks there is "some evidence" that the Earl of Essex was the person addressed in the Sonnets. So is there *some* evidence that Southampton, Herbert, Queen Elizabeth, William Hall and several others are each in turn similarly identified—that is to say, there is a little of something in the Sonnets which, in an indefinite and aimless manner, suggests every candidate that has been nominated as the original of this mysterious friend, but all of whom fail when subjected to the tests of context, coherency, and clear intelligibility of interpretation. Upon one point only do all critics agree—that the Sonnets are enigmatical. Henry Irving, in *Collier's Weekly*, of New York City, a short time before his death, declared that the Sonnets of Shakespeare were the greatest literary puzzle of this age. To recognize the hidden, allusive and esoteric character of these verses it is only necessary to contrast them with the direct and plain narrative poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. There is, then, but one conclusion for a Baconian, and that is that in the Sonnets Bacon has given us an example of what he has termed "Enigmatical Poesy." Is it not inconceivable that Bacon, in such an art product of fifteen thousand words, should devote the painfully silly labours of his Muse in detached verses to sycophantic adulations and

salacious reminiscences of his personal friends, and then publish them together in 1609 in a small volume, in sequent order, divided into two great series, each with a formal opening and ending? And all of these realistic theories of the personality of the youth addressed in the Sonnets fall of their own weight when loaded with the obscurities and inconsistencies of interpretation which such theories necessitate.

There is but one personage which fits these Sonnets in a way worthy an enigmatical subject and the genius of their author, and that is the character of the elder Cupid, the Greek God of Creation, and the personification of Bacon's own poetic genius or spirit.

"R. J. D. S." revives Mr. Massey's suggestion that the word *Hews*, in Sonnet 20, is a sly identification of one of the titles of "The Earl of Essex and Ewe." This verse is nearly a key to the collection when properly interpreted, and is as follows:—

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the Master Mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all *Hews* in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

The "Master Mistress" is the poet's own genius of creative poesy personalized by the elder Cupid. But why should his mistress partake of the male character? Because poesy is a passion, and, according to Bacon, every vehement passion is of doubtful sex. He says in

the interpretation of the myth of "Dionysius or Desire" (and "Desire" is but Eros or Cupid):—

Most true also it is that every passion of the more vehement kind is, as it were, of doubtful sex, for it has at once the face of the man and the weakness of the woman.

There is little doubt that the "passion" here meant is the passion of the poet. Mr. Hart suggests this to Mr. Dowden; and even the literal Mr. Massey concedes that Shakespeare here refers to his Sonnets as his literary passions. He also points out that Thomas Watson's Sonnets (1582) are called "Passions" throughout. The two little ditties in *Midsummer Night's Dream* are termed the "*Passions* of Pyramus and Thisbie." That this passion of the poet was a vehement one cannot be doubted. He is "replete with too much rage"; his mind can "no quiet find"; he is "debarred the benefit of rest"; he suffers "in the distraction of this maddening fever," etc., etc. Shakespeare classes the madman, the lover and the poet together.

The seventh line furnishes a striking example of that tormenting criticism which tampers with the text as originally published, and, in attempting to mend, has irreparably marred it. Dowden printed the line thus, save the italicization—

A man in *hue* all *hues* in his controlling,

and this form has generally been followed until very recently. The meaning carried with the change is that of "A man in color all colors in his controlling." Mr. Trywhitt noticed the italics and capitalization of the word "*Hews*," and thought he had found a play upon some person's name. This in turn suggested the name of William Hughes, a contemporary poet; and this in its turn seemed to discover the mysterious

"W. H." of the dedication. Mr. Massey saw in it a play upon the word "Ewes"—one of the titles of the Earl of Essex—and to whom he imagined the poet had reference as a rival of Southampton. Mr. Dowden inclined to the opinion that the Sonnet was addressed to "William Hews," a popular singer who had been the favourite minstrel of the old Earl of Essex. Mr. Wigston, to the discredit of his usual perspicacity, found a play upon the word "you." Later, Mr. Dowden discovered that the word *hue* was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of *shape* or *form*, and he then admits that the meaning of the line may be—

A man in form and appearance, having the mastery over all forms in that if his, etc.

Mr. Wyndham very properly preserves the original reading and its use in the sense of *shape*, and says that "The line then means a man in shape all shapes in his controlling." But let us change the word *shape* to its synonym *form*, and then the line will carry the meaning slyly intended—

"A man in form all *Forms* in his controlling," meaning simply that his "Master Mistress" has the *face* of a woman and the *form* of a man. We catch the connection again in 62, where the poet, admitting his self-love, thinks no *face* is so *gracious* as his own, and "no *shape* so true"; and in 104 the same word is used in an identical sense:—

"Ah, yet, doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his *figure*, and no pace perceived :
So your sweet *hew*, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion," etc.

We hear again Hamlet's famous observation—

"There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends
Rough-hew (form) them how we will."

Sidney Lee has missed the point completely. He says ("Life of Shakespeare," page 93):—

"It has been fantastically suggested that the line describing the youth as 'a man in hue, all hues in his controlling' (*i.e.*, a man in color or complexion whose charms are as varied as to appear to give his countenance control of, or enable it to assume, all manner of fascinating hues or complexions) and other applications to the youth of the ordinary word 'hue' imply that his surname was Hughes."

But it is the woman who has the charm of the "complexion" of face, while the Master side is male in *form*, and controls all other forms.

But the question yet remains as to what forms the poet has reference. The mystery is still there. Mr. Wyndham, with excellent discrimination, clearly recognizes the delicate nature of the problem. He refuses to follow Malone in placing a hyphen between the words "Master" and "Mistress," considering it "risky to tamper with enigmas." And he further observes that the type selected for 'hues,' thanks to contemporary spelling—*Hews*—enabled the poet to convey something more, which was apparent to the person addressed *and is not apparent now.*" From the Stratford view-point this mystery never will be cleared up, but, touched by the magic of our theory, the whole Sonnet becomes clear and satisfactory, and a beautiful illustration of the truth of the theory itself. For this line contains the essence of Bacon's philosophy, which had for its object the discovery of the secret by which the eternal atoms of matter took on transient forms, to the end that man himself might make of matter an obedient servant to assume such forms as would conduce to his well-being. And this, when reduced to its ultimate terms, is all that constitutes modern science, and all the advancement in material civilization since Bacon's time has been along this line. The doctrine of

Forms was the key of Bacon's philosophy, and there is every reason to think that he applied it to the character and passions of human beings in his dramatic works. He applied the principal of forms to Induction itself. He says, in the *Advancement of Learning* :—

But the greatest change I introduce is in the form itself of Induction and judgment made thereby. . . . Now, what the Sciences stand in need of is a form of Induction which shall *analyze experiences*.

Listen to the language, of which this Sonnet is the echo :—

"Whosoever knoweth any form knoweth the utmost possibility of *superinducing that nature upon any variety of matter*" (*Advancement of Learning*).

The italics are Bacon's own. This would be equally true of poetic form, and it is in both of these senses that Bacon speaks of his spirit as "a man in form all Forms in his controlling." It was Bacon, according to Ben Johnson, who had "filled up all numbers"—who had mastered poetic form.

It is suggested by your correspondent that the "Rose" of the first Sonnet might be a compound of "Ro. Es." for Robert Essex. So it might be the "Sore" which the poet is over because his young friend does not marry and have "ten" children. And, again, it might, with better luck, by a slight transposition of the final "e" (like "Hamlet," from "Amleth"), be *Eros*—again Cupid.

BACON'S "*NOVA RESUSCITATIO*" *

THE recently published volume by the author of *Is it Shakespeare?* is an important contribution not only to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but to Elizabethan history. It is not simply a book of Bacon-Shakespeare polemics; it supplies missing chapters in Bacon's biography, and new additions to his writings. It fills up gaps left by Spedding in his account of Bacon's early life. Spedding's Life begins virtually when Bacon was nearly thirty years old. Spedding had no materials for the many years during which Bacon lived a quiet, solitary life, constantly engaged in study and literary work, denying access to visitors—distressing his anxious mother by the pallor in his cheeks, produced by late hours and uninterrupted chamber work. Spedding can see the quiet, solitary student, but he cannot point to any of the results of this incessant mental toil. He had made up his mind that no results shall be found in Shakespeare, but he had nothing else to show for it, and his resolute dismissal of Shakesperean composition in his estimate of Bacon really made him incapable of fully understanding the hero whom he loved so well, and to whose history and portraiture he devoted his life. For Spedding himself our affection and admiration amounts almost to idolatry; but his limitations were such that his judgment on the Bacon-Shakespeare question would be pronounced rank nonsense if written by a less eminent and revered man. We do not think it any exaggeration to speak thus of a critic who could say—"I doubt whether there are five lines

[*Bacon's "*Nova Resuscitatio* ; or, The Unveiling of His Concealed Works and Travels." By the Rev. Walter Begley. Three Volumes. Gay and Bird. Each volume sold separately, price 5s.]

together which are to be found in Bacon which would be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practised in such observation." And Father Sutton (*Shakespeare Enigma*, p. 140) rightly characterizes as an "amazing statement" what Mr. Spedding said of Shakespeare's learning—"If Shakspeare (*i.e.*, the player) had no learning as a scholar, neither do the works attributed to him show traces of trained scholarship, or scientific education." Mr. Spedding is obliged to qualify his statements about Shakespeare's scholarship and education by the hedging adjectives *trained* and *scientific*, which make the assertion pointless and indefinite. If he must admit scholarship and education, the denial of training and science is very debateable and not very important.

Surely Spedding put his reputation as a critic into great peril when he wrote all this, which Baconians welcome, because so shallow a judgment quite neutralizes the importance of his opposition. Mr. Begley takes up the story of Bacon's Life at the point where Spedding's narrative is blank, and points to the results of these early studies and the consequent literary production. He claims for Bacon the partial or entire authorship of the Bodenham books and of George Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, and other works attributed to George Puttenham; and he shows that these account for Bacon's early studies—that they supply a kind of porch to the Shakesperean temple, and fill up some of the missing sections of the "*Magna Instauratio*." All this is found in the first of the three volumes of the "*Nova Resuscitatio*."

Now we have no sympathy with that indiscriminating appropriation on Bacon's behalf of nearly the whole Elizabethan literature which some of our friends have advocated, although we believe that even with Mr.

Begley's additions the whole ground is not covered. All these questions may be left for settlement till the remote time arrives when all the critics agree to discuss our case without bias or bad temper, when Mr. Sidney Lee and Dr. Furnivall have learnt manners, and Mr. Churton Collins veracity. Meanwhile we think Mr. Begley's challenge cannot be slighted, especially because it takes a wider than a merely controversial range, and appeals to all students of Bacon and the literature and history of his time.

We need not describe in detail all the indications of Baconian authorship which Mr. Begley points out in the books referred to. We may, however, notice that three or four of the Bodenham books are substantially identical—the "*Palladis Tamia*," the "*Palladis Palatium*," "Wit's Theatre of the Little World," and "Belvidere or the Garden of the Muses"—and that they are all collections of detached sentences, referring to the topics heading each chapter, which answer to the description of the "*Tabulæ inveniendi*," or "*tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame, and the like; for matters political, and again for the mental operations of memory, composition and division, judgment and the rest, not less than for heat and cold, or light and vegetation, and the like*," which Bacon promises in the first book of his "*Novum Organum*."

Now, such tables of discovery, furnishing facts to be used in induction in order to find the law governing psychological conditions, are not obviously of much value. Induction does not help much when the disturbing factors of volition are present, and the failure to recognise this is one of the indications that Bacon's mind was cast in the mould of a poet more than a man of science. For this reason it is not at first easy to assent to the judgment of Mr. Edwin Reed and Father Sutton, that the Shakesperean plays are intended to

serve this same scientific purpose. How is it possible, we are inclined to ask, that "*Tabulæ inveniendi*" should ever be constructed out of these materials? But Bacon did construct them, and these Bodenham books are specimens of such collections, and set aside the antecedent improbability that the Shakespeare plays and poems are intended for similar uses. Indeed, Bacon himself anticipated the reluctance which would be shown to this feature of his "*Magna Instauratio*":—"Men will be so pleased with the example given that they will even miss the precepts." Mr. Begley has done service to the Baconian cause by his proof that the Bodenham books show that during his early life he was at once constructing "*Tabulæ inveniendi*" for his science, and preparing for the creation of the more glorious examples in poetry, which were to be so captivating as to cease to be scholastic. This is the topic of Mr. Begley's first volume.

In the second volume he extends the argument of *Is it Shakespeare?* pointing to a number of personal allusions to Bacon, as at once a lawyer and a poet, made by Ben Jonson, Gabriel Harvey, Bishop Hall, and others. We are glad to find that Mr. Begley carefully disavows all belief in the scandal which he related in his former volume, which caused much distress to many in our own camp. Mr. Begley, perhaps rightly, claims that no biographer of Bacon is entitled to ignore such facts in his history as the existence of *mendacia famæ*, although they rested on the evidence of unreliable witnesses. Yet Bacon, like the sun, was full of light; and such light is "Holy—offspring of heaven first born," which can never dawn in a sky darkened by sin. By his works we know him, and not by the unhallowed gossip of his enemies. Mr. Begley thinks Mr. Spedding, who certainly knew of these *mendacia*—for he refers to the books which record them—was much to

blame for ignoring them ; biography ought not to deal in preferences and exclusions ; it must show all sides of the character and all incidents in the history which it portrays.

The third volume is the most remarkable of them all. Mr. Begley, who was an indefatigable and skilful literary detective, picked up in a Paris book-shop an old French version and translation of Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*," with a biographical introduction. This was published in 1631, less than five years after Bacon's death. If any biographer or critic of Bacon had chanced to see this volume, and omitted to examine it carefully, he would probably put it aside, concluding that it was simply a French version of what we already possess in a better form. But this conclusion would be a mistake. The French version is not the same as the English. In some respects it is better—more methodically arranged. It is differently constructed, containing six books instead of ten, and it contains discussions of matters in natural history not referred to, or differently treated, in Dr. Rawley's version. For instance, we find a curious discussion on the generation of metals, which is almost as remarkable as the wonderful investigation into the nature of heat which occupies most of the second book of the "*Novum Organum*," for it to some extent anticipates the discoveries and speculations of Sir William Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge. There are new contributions to Bacon's literary work in this remarkable volume, and the Biographical Introduction relates facts in Bacon's early life not contained in Spedding's Life, proving (what Spedding only inferred) that Bacon travelled into Italy and Spain ; probably also into Scotland.

Mr. Begley discusses the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with great vigour and ability, and exposes the unscrupulous character of the criticisms made by such

adversaries as Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Churton Collins with much humour and unsparing condemnation. He supplies quite a new explanation of Bacon's anonymous publication of his poems and plays. "Bacon kept his name from the title-pages of his poems and plays because, for one thing, he had learnt a lesson from what befell his father, Sir Nicholas. The greatest and almost the only mistake that very able man made was to give his adversaries an advantage over him by assisting Hales in his treatise on the title of the Scottish queen. If he had only 'concealed' his share in the book, and made Hales his instrument or mask, he would have saved himself, I may say, years of worry and vexation. Sir Nicholas Bacon's known connection with that book was the means of excluding him from the Privy Council, after he had been several years in the possession of the Great Seal, and owing to the animosity of the Earl of Leicester, he did not for some time re-establish himself in the Queen's favour. Here was, indeed, a lesson to young Francis, and he took it, in numerous instances, during his life" (Vol. III., p. 152).

By this work Mr. Begley takes his rank in the highest class of Baconian critics and biographers, and the most able and resolute champions of the Bacon-Shakespeare claims. For this reason he deserves some personal record in our journal.

Rev. Walter Begley was born at King's Lynn, in Norfolk, in 1845, and died at West Hampstead, December 3rd, 1905, rather more than sixty years of age. He became a clergyman soon after graduation at Cambridge and took curate's duty at Weston-sub-Edge, Gloucestershire, and subsequently at Marylebone and St. John's Wood. He was Vicar of East Hyde, Luton, in Bedfordshire, between 1880 and 1898, and then retired to West Hampstead, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, to book-hunting, book-

collecting, and book-writing—"a Scholar, Bouquineur, Bouquiniste, Bibliophile, and Biblio-graphe," as he described himself in the Dedication of his "*Biblia Anagrammatica*." He collected a large and valuable library, travelling far and wide in his search after books, and the results of his researches are contained in the books already mentioned, besides the "*Biblia Cabalistica*" and "*Breviarium Anagrammaticum*," and other books, some not yet published, or printed for private circulation. He was a widower for about three years before his death, childless, with very few relations, living a solitary life in a house full of books, but strangely deficient in domestic comfort, for which his absorption in study left him little concern. About a year ago his health failed, at first by an attack described as ophthalmia, but which proved to be malignant disease of the orbits and nasal passages, with constant hemorrhage, without severe pain, but attended by ever increasing prostration. For some weeks before he died he was generally unconscious. His kind, skilful, and devoted nurse kept him alive by feeding through an œsophagean tube, and thus prolonged his life for some time; but the fatal event could not be averted. Sad, indeed, was it to see one of Milton's most accomplished followers, with some of his gifts, inheriting also his calamity of blindness.

Mr. Begley was a clergyman of the Broad Church type, tending to High; somewhat of a mystic in some branches of his faith, with ideas much akin to the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences. He had a singularly open mind, and in his latest work did not hesitate to express belief in spiritualism and mesmerism, and some other tabooed topics. The Baconian cause has lost in Mr. Begley an able advocate, and his name will remain as one of the most prolific contributors to our arguments.

R. M. THEOBALD.

THE DROESHOUT FRONTISPIECE

THE German author, Edwin Bormann ("Die Kunst des Pseudonyms," p. 106), has remarked that the Shakespeare portrait on the title-page of the folio of 1623 is the portrait of a nobleman, the garb being such as worn by noblemen, and that the inexpressive face is only a mask. He has drawn the attention to the double line under the left ear and has explained the upper line as the mark between mask and flesh.

Let us follow up this supposition and consider Ben Jonson's verse, facing the portrait :—

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
 Wherein the Graver had a strife
 With Nature, to out-doo the life :
 O, could he but have drawne his wit
 As well in brasse, as he hath hit
 His face ; the Print would then surpasse
 All, that was ever writ in brasse,
 But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

At the first glance this verse seems to contain merely an indication of the depicted gentleman's name, combined, in a witty manner, with an exhortation to read the book. But on closer examination it appears unintelligible where it describes the work of the graver Droeshout. Were it not a jest, it would contain a ridiculous conception of a graver's task, and its conclusion would be illogical.

The verse affirms that Martin Droeshout "had a strife with nature to out-doo the life." Taking the word *out-do* in its common signification as synonymous to *surpass*, *excel*, the passage is unintelligible to me.

No graver can do more than imitate and represent the life: why ought he surpass it? What would a *surpassed life* be in a portrait? Why would nature oppose that remarkable doing of a graver? Since the graver is said to have had "a strife" with nature, nature seems to have hindered him in surpassing the life. A very strange behaviour of nature.

Ben Jonson's conception of a graver's task is not less strange. The desire that the graver should have drawne the *wit in brasse*, is a very far going exigency. Had Ben Jonson been in a serious mood when making the verse, he would have declared himself satisfied by the more modest performance—the graving of gentle Shakespeare's material face.

The exclamation, *O, could he but have drawne his wit*, etc., is evidently an artificial manner to arrive at the illogical and surprising conclusion of the verse, not to look on the picture but the book. The conclusion would have been logical if the verse had run: "but, since he cannot, be content with what the graver's art has spent." Instead of this simple but natural solace for our missing the "*wit in brasse*," Ben Jonson offers us the book, inviting us *not to look* on the picture! An exhortation not flattering to Droeshout. If we have not to look on the picture, why has it been put on the title-page? If it is a real portrait of the poet, then it is worth looking at; it would have been the only reproduction of the face of a man, whom some pages further Ben Jonson honoured:—

Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shoue
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe,
He was not of an age, but for all time!

The suggestion of Ben Jonson is not only illogical, it is rather stupendous.

In connexion with Bormann's meaning that the

portrait is a masked nobleman's, another interpretation of the verse appears to be possible.

The difficulty lies in the words that the graver did *out-doo the life*, and that he has *hit the face*.

But the word *out-do* may not only mean *to surpass*; it may also have a literal meaning, viz., to efface. The first signification is the metaphorical, the second the etymological one. In the English the word seems to be used only in the metaphorical signification, but why would the etymological sense be absolutely forbidden? In Dutch exactly the same word *uitdoen* is exclusively used in its literal sense: to wear out, to erase, to efface. In the second verse of Ben Jonson to Mr. William Shakespeare we find a word in the same double-sense: *out-shine*. It means to efface and to surpass: "And tell, how far thou didst our Lily out-shine."

Secondly: "he hath hit his face." Can this not contain a pun? If we read "he has *hid* his face," the verse becomes intelligible. The portrait has a remote resemblance to Bacon's well-known portrait, made by Paul van Somer. The verse would hint that the graver did not easily reach his aim—to destroy the lines of Bacon's face and to give a mock-portrait, of which Bacon's friends could think for themselves this is Bacon, and at the same time openly declare this is Shakespeare. In 1623 Shakespeare, who had left London since about twenty years, was most likely unknown to the buyers of the folio, and even if vaguely remembering the manager's face no one had any interest to openly criticise Droeshout's engraving.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to efface the life:

O, could he but have drawne his wit
 As well in brasse, as he has hid
 His face ; the Print would then surpasse
 All, that was ever writ in brasse,
 But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

J. d'AULNIS DE BOUROUILL.

University of Utrecht (Holland).

Peter Böener's Testimony

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Peter Böener, an apothecary of Nymegen, Holland, published at Leyden, in 1647, a translation into Dutch of forty-six of Bacon's Essays, the "Wisdom of the Ancients," and the "Religious Meditations."

So far as I am able to judge, the translation appears to have been made with scholarly fidelity to the originals and with not a little skill. This much has long been known. In the year 1871 a gentleman discovered in Amsterdam a copy of this forgotten book and communicated the fact of his discovery to the *Athenæum*.

Spedding unfortunately appears to have contented himself with so much knowledge of the book only as the *Athenæum* article supplied. He nowhere cites the original book, nor does it appear that he ever examined a copy. This is not strange, since there is no copy in the British Museum, nor so far as I can learn in any other English Library.

The chief interest in the book centres in the life of Bacon, written by Peter Böener, prefixed to the Leyden Edition of 1647.

Now, Böener had his information about Bacon at first hand. For many years he was a servant of Bacon—his domestic apothecary and occasional amanuensis. He quitted his employment as late as the year 1623.

If there was any rumour in 1623, or tradition in 1647, that Bacon masqueraded in literature under another name, Böener was as likely a man as any both to know and chronicle the fact.

The business of this letter is to point out that Böener does, in unmistakable language, voice such a belief and intimate such a suspicion. Here is the original passage in Böener's words, to which I have appended my own translation :—

"Hy alsoo in Wijsheyt ende Welspreeckentheyt uytmuntende, en allen te boven gaende (ut & Libri & acta probant) Wierde daerom oock ten laetsten in sijn Vaderlandt van veel Navolgers benijdt, als eenen Phœnix, die gheen gehelijcken en hadde,

en gehelijck eenen Propheet, die selden verheven wordt Sijn Eyghen landt ; van welcke voor—verhaelde dingen, Sijne Boecken genoescham getuygen, *als onder andere oock sijn Historia Ventorum.*"

So in wisdom and surpassing eloquence he excelled all, as his books and deeds attest, although, in his fatherland, the last to be appreciated, because so many imitators envied him—for the Phoenix, like a prophet, is not without honour save in his own country. His books avouch the truth of the last statement, *although under another* ; likewise his "History of the Winds," etc.

The italics, "although under another," are my own. There is a manifest hiatus of the Dutch word "naam" after 'als onder andere,' and the passage should read, "although under another name."

Such a conjectural emendation is permitted with classical authors—in the Shakespearean text and in the Holy Scriptures—but, it seems, must not be used to restore to Francis Bacon his literary estate. Yours respectfully, J. W. GARDNER.

The Poet's Eye

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

1. An ordinary mind is unaffected by sights which to the poet are full of imagery.

The anonymous author of the play of *Edward III.* (printed 1596), contemplating the view of ships at a distance, called up a simile :—

"The proud Armado of King Edward's ships,
Which at the first far off when I did ken,
Seemed as it were a grove of withered pines."

2. In *Macbeth* (printed 1623), the "moving grove" idea is again introduced in the witches' prophecy that "*Macbeth* shall not be vanquished until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come again." We know how the boughs of Birnam Wood were cut down and used by *Macduff's* soldiers to mask their approach. "Methought it moved and Birnam's Wood had come to Dunsinane."

3. In his translation of the 104th Psalm (printed 1625), Francis Bacon deals with the same simile. There is nothing in the Psalm to suggest the picture. The 26th verse contains the simple line, "There go the ships," which adverts to the "great and wide sea" of the previous verse. Bacon versifies it as follows :—

"There do the stately ships plough up the floods ;
The greater navies look like walking woods."

Identity of expression was quite common amongst Elizabethan writers, say the omniscient critics. Yet instances 2 and 3 look very like re-forgings in the same brain of the original concept of instance 1.

PARKER WOODWARD.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 63).

18.

IN OBITUM LITERATISSIMI JUXTA AC NOBILISSIMI
VIRI FRANCISCI DOMINI VERULAM VICECOMITIS
SANCTI ALBANI.

Occidit aute diem musarum phosphorus ! ipsa
Occidit ah clarii (1) cura, dolorque Dei.
Deliciæ (naturæ) tuæ ; mundique Baconus ;
Mortis (quod mirum est) ipsius ipse dolor.
Quid non crudelis voluit sibi parca licere ?
Parcere mors vellet, noluit illa tamen.
Melpomene objurgans hoc nollet ferre ; deditque
Insuper ad tetricas talia dicta deas :
Crudelis nunquam verè prius Atropos ; orbem
Totum habeas, Phæbum tu modo redde meum.
Hei mihi ! nec cælum, nec mors, nec musa (Bacone)
Obstabant fati, nec mea vota tuis. (2)

19.

IN OBITUM EJUSDEM.

Si repetes quantum mundo musique (Bacone)
Donasti, vel si creditor esse velis ;
Conturbabit (3) amor, mundus, musæque, Jovisque
Arca, preces, cælum, carmina, thura, dolor ;
Quid possunt artes, quidve invidiosa (4) vetustas ?
Invidiam tandem desinat esse licet.
Sustineas fælix, maneatque (Bacone) necesse est,
Ah natura nihil, quod tibi solvat, habet.

18.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST LEARNED AND NOBLE
FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

The day-star of the Muses has set before his hour ! the special care and special grief, alas ! of the Clarion (1) God has perished, Bacon, thy darling, O ! Nature ! and the world's ; the special sorrow of death itself, which is a marvel. Why was not cruel fate willing to allow herself liberty ? Death would be willing to spare, but fate refused. Melpomene rebuking would not endure this ; and addressed the dire goddesses in these words :—Atropos, never before truly cruel ; take the whole world, only give me back my Phœbus. Ah ! woe is me ! neither heaven, nor death, nor the muse O Bacon ! nor my prayers prevented your doom. (2)

19.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

If you will claim, O Bacon ! as much as you have given to the world and to the muses, or if you mean to be a creditor, love, the world, the muses, Jove's treasury, prayers, heaven, poetry, incense, grief will stop payment (3) ; what can the arts do, or envied (4) antiquity ? At length envy may cease. It is necessary, O Bacon ! that you should kindly submit and remain a creditor, ah ! nature has not wherewithal to repay you.

20.

IN OBITUM EJUSDEM, ETC.

Si nisi qui dignus, nemo tua fata (Bacone)
 Fleret, erit nullus, credito nullus erit.
 Plangite jam verè Clio, Cliûsque sorores,
 Ah decima occubuit musa, decusque chori.
 Ah nunquam verè infælix prius ipse Apollo!
 Unde illi qui sic illum amet alter erit?
 Ah numerum non est habiturus; jamque necesse est,
 Contentus musis ut sit Apollo novem.

21.

AD UTRASQUE ACADEMIAS CARMEN

Παραμυθητικόν.

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota sorores,
 (Ah venit ante suum nostra querela diem!)
 Non foret ambiguum nostri certamen amoris,
 (Et pia nonnunquam lis in amore latet:)
 Nos nostrum lacrymis, et te potiremur Apollo
 Delicium patriæ (docte Baconi) tuæ. (5)
 Quid potuit natura magis, virtusque? dedisti
 Perpetui fructum nominis inde tui.
 Cum legerent nostri pars te prudentior ævi,
 Unum jurabant usque decere loqui.
 Hunc nimium tetricæ nobis, vobisque negarunt
 (Ah sibi quid nolunt sæpe licere) deæ.
 Dignus erat cælo, sed adhuc tellure morari,
 Pro tali quæ sunt improba vota viro?
 O fælix fatum! cum non sit culpa (Bacone)
 Mortem, sed fælix gloria, flere tuam.
 Sistite jam meritos fletus, gemitusque sorores;
 Non potis est mæstos totus inire rogos.

20.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME, ETC.

If none but the worthy should mourn your death, O Bacon! none, trust me, none will there be. Lament now sincerely, O Clio! and sisters of Clio, ah! the tenth muse and the glory of the choir has perished. Ah! never before has Apollo himself been truly unhappy! Whence will there be another to love him so? Ah! he is no longer going to have the full number; and unavoidable is it now for Apollo to be content with nine muses.

21.

CONSOLATORY POEM TO BOTH UNIVERSITIES.

If my prayers with yours O Sisters! had prevailed (ah! our plaintive song comes before its time), the contest of our love would not be ambiguous (sometimes too in love there lurks affectionate strife), we should be in possession of our tears and of thee, Apollo (5), the darling, learned Bacon of your native land. What more could nature or worth produce? Thence have you put forth the fruit of your undying name. When the best critics of our age read your works, they kept vowing that it was fitting that you alone should express yourself. To grant him to us and to you (sisters) the excessively dire goddesses have refused (ah! why are they so seldom willing to make concession?). He deserved heaven, but that he should yet a little while tarry on earth, what prayers are too importunate considering his worth? O happy fate! since it is not a fault but highly and auspiciously creditable to lament your death, O Bacon! Restrain at length your just tears and wailings, sisters; he cannot all enter the sad

Et noster, vesterque fuit : lis inde sequuta est,
 Atque uter major sit dubitatur amor.
 Communis dolor est, noster, vesterque ; jacere
 Uno non potuit tanta ruina loco.

GULIEL. LOE, COLL. TRINIT.

22.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI VERULAMII, VICECOMITIS
 SANCTI ALBANI.

Dum scripturivit multum Verulamius heros,
 Imbuit et crebris sæcla voluminibus :
 Viderat exultos (6) mors dudum exosa libellos,
 Scripta nee infælix tam numerosa tulit.
 Odit enim ingemi monumenta perennia, quæque
 Funereos spernunt æmula Scripta rogos.
 Ergo dum calamum libravit dextera, dumque
 Lassavit teneras penna diserta manus ;
 Nee tum finitam signarat pagina chartam
 Ultima, cum nigrum Theta (7) coronis (8) erat :
 Attamen et vivent seros aditura nepotes,
 Morte vel invitâ, scripta (Bacone) tua.

JACOBUS DUPORT, T.C.

23.

AD VIATOREM, HONORATISSIMI DOMINI,
 FRANCISCI DOMINI VERULAM, MONUMENTUM
 INSPICIENTEM.

Marmore Pieridum gelido Phœbique choragum
 Inclusumne putes, stulte viator ? abi :
 Fallere : jam rutilo Verulamia fulges Olympo ;
 Sydere splendet aper (9) magne Jacobe tuo.

funeral pyre. He was ours and yours : thence a contest ensued, and which of our loves be the greater is uncertain. Our grief and yours is mutual ; so vast a catastrophe could not be confined to one place.

WILLIAM LOE, TRINITY COLLEGE.

22.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

While the Verulamian sage was filled with the desire of writing and enriched the ages with crowds of books : death detesting polished (6) books had long had his eye on them, nor did the wretch endure such numerous writings. For he hates the everlasting monuments of genius, and ambitious compositions, which despise funeral pyres. Therefore while the (writer's) hand wielded the pen, and while the eloquent pen wearied the frail hands, not yet had the page wound up the completed manuscript, when the black Theta (7) became the crowning period of the work (8) : nevertheless in spite of death your writings, O Bacon ! will live and descend to our remote posterity.

JAMES DUPORT, TRIN. COL.

23.

TO THE PASSER-BY LOOKING ON THE TOMB OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, LORD
VERULAM.

Think you, foolish traveller, that the leader of the choir of the Muses and of Phœbus is interred in the cold marble ? Away, you are deceived. The Verulamian star now glitters in ruddy Olympus : The boar (9) great James shines resplendent in your constellation.

NOTES.

1. Claros, a small town on the Ionian coast with a celebrated temple and oracle of Apollo, surnamed Clarius.

2. This poem from beginning to end affords the strongest support to the Baconian theory. Bacon is called "the day-star of the Muses." He is the chief care and grief of Apollo, their leader, god of poetry, music, &c. Melpomene above all is concerned for him. Now Melpomene, the songstress, is the muse of tragedy, and Shakespeare compared with himself even, is supreme, unapproachable in tragedy. The muse of tragedy recognises this and calls him, not her disciple or votary—no matter how excelling—but her Phœbus, her god. Such was Bacon to the poetic eye of the scholar who wrote this elegy, and such and so much space did he fill in the eyes of many other contemporaries—some represented by these memorials.

No doubt Melpomene or any muse need not always stand for the goddess of that department of poetry she is usually entrusted with. Horace certainly speaks of Melpomene as goddess of poets generally, but this does not lessen at all the force of the testimony here supplied.

3. *Conturbabit*. Cf. *Sic Pedito conturbat, Matho deficit*, so Pedito stops payment, Matho fails.—Juv. vii. 129.

4. *Invidiosa*, here means envied, not envious. Cf. *Mæcenas nostræ spes invidiosa juvenatæ*, Mæcenas the envied hope of our youth.—Prop. II. i. 83. We need no longer envy antiquity its literary greatness, since we have Bacon's works.

5. Apollo, god of poetry, music, &c., is here identified with Bacon.

6. *Exultos*. Probably a misprint for *excultos*. There is no reason in the nature of things why *exolescere*, to grow up, to come to maturity, should not form its participle the same way as *adolescere*, *adullus*, but as a matter of fact the form *exoletus* only is found. I am inclined to think the writer meant it as the participle of *exolescere*.

7. Theta, the first letter of *θάνατος*, death, and used as an abbreviation for it.

8. *Coronis*, a flourish of the pen at the end of a book. It also means the end or completion.

9. The boar, Bacon's crest.

FRANCIS BACON'S TIME OR CLOCK CYPHER

[We print herewith the first of a series of articles on Bacon's Time Cipher. Mr. Williams has, we believe, struck on further clues to the track of that elusive system of mathematical ciphers which has already engaged the attention of Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Wigston, Mr. Tanner, Rev. E. Gould, Mrs. Pott, and others. Mr. "Oliver Lector," in *Letters from the Dead to the Dead*," leads us to assume that Bacon was the true source of Napier's and Briggs' Logarithms. On this point we are unqualified to express an opinion, but there is now in existence a considerable mass of evidence which points to the probability of some elaborate system of mathematics underlying Baconian literature. This we suspect forms part of the acroamatical or concealed method of publishing referred to in Book VI. of the *Advancement of Learning*, to the interpretation of which those only were to be initiated who had been taught by tradition, or by the sharpness and subtlety of their own wit could pierce the veil. But we believe Bacon to have been animated by a deeper motive than mere wit whetting. "We neither dedicate," says he, "nor raise a Capitol or Pyramid to the pride of man, but rear a holy Temple in his mind ON THE MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE, WHICH MODEL THEREFORE WE IMITATE." * This was no mere figure of speech. The *Advancement of Learning* is divided into six books corresponding to the six days of creation. The Universe is said to be a living arithmetic in its development and a realised geometry in its repose. By the Ancients numbers were regarded as the best representation of the laws of Harmony which pervade the cosmos, and, by involving figures in all things, Bacon—if he has done this—would thus have revealed his kinship to the wisdom of the Ancients. "All is number," was the thesis of the Pythagoreans; or, as Plato puts it, "God formed things as they first arose, according to form and number."—ED.]

REPEATED perusals of Bacon's Biliteral Cypher Story deciphered by Mrs. Gallup convince me, in spite of a number of things therein which do not square with history as we know it, that the condemnation showered upon this book is premature and that the volume is eminently one that a forger would *not* produce. A forger would carefully avoid deviations from accepted history on points that are quite irrelevant to his main divergencies, such as the alleged

* *Novum Organum*, Book I.

putting out of Essex's eyes prior to his execution, and the statement that the signing of Mary of Scots' death warrant under the coercion of Burghley and Leicester led Secretary Davison to his death. Again, it is wildly improbable that a forger would have devoted 114 of his 368 pages to what are termed "Arguments" of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. In addition to this the old world flavour of the book generally compels me to think that "the very spirit of a time far past doth informe the whole," and that writers who have a vested interest in Shakespeare have been more concerned to "slobber the gloss of a new creation" than to search for truth.

Having come to the conclusion that Mrs. Gallup's book could not be disregarded I gave some little attention to the subject of the employment of cyphers in and about Bacon's time and was astonished to find the extent to which their use prevailed. A handsome folio volume published in 1624 by "Gustavus Selenus" (Duke of Brunswick Luneburg) contains 493 pages crowded with cyphers of all kinds, and an interesting article published by Mr. Harold Bayley in the July, 1902, number of *BACONIANA* contains a very long list of writers upon the subject and clearly shows that cyphers were formerly held in much esteem. Bacon deals with the subject in his *Advancement of Learning*, where, as everyone knows, is to be found (in the 1640 Edition) the Biliteral Cypher Alphabet. In view of all this I saw no reason why, supposing that he had a secret story to tell, Bacon should not have employed cyphers for that purpose.

Inspection of the 1605 edition of the *Advancement of Learning* led me to doubt the accuracy of the assertion of Shakespearians that the mispaging in the First Folio is entirely attributable to printers' errors. In the second book of the 1605 *Advancement* the folios (the book is folioed—not paged) run 69, 70, 70, 71, 70, 72, 74,

73, 74, 75, 69, 77, 78, 79, 80, 77, 74, 74, 69, 69, 82, 87, 79, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 99, 97, 99, 94, 100, 99, 102, 103, 103, 93, 106, 107, &c. The man who will believe that these errors in the first edition of an epoch-making book were unknown to Bacon, or that he would allow them to pass unless they had some especial significance, will believe anything. Turning to Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*" we find Dr. Rawley openly stating of the contents of that book that "he that looketh attentively into them shall find that they have a *secret Order*," and another of Bacon's books, "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," is in the same place referred to as being "written in the *Exactest Order*." These statements are highly suggestive of hidden work, and little less so is the mention in Dr. Tenison's *BACONIANA*, 1679, of the 1623 edition of "*De Augmentis*" as "the fairest and most correct edition in Latin," supplemented as this statement is by the advice that "whosoever would understand the Lord Bacon's Cypher let him consult that accurate Edition." Dr. Tenison mentions the best editions of several of Bacon's other works; but, perhaps, the most singular of his statements is his assertion that the best edition of the fragment of the History of Henry the Eighth is that published in Quarto in 1629. To talk of the best edition of a fragment that occupies only *two pages* is ridiculous unless it is done for some secret purpose. At the foot of the title-page of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* are two owls, the symbol of secret writing, and as I shall show later there are on this page, and on the one facing it, a number of suggestive items in regard to which it is difficult to understand how they have so long escaped notice. My authority for saying that the Owl is the symbol of secret writing is Falconer's "*Cryptomenysis Patefacta*," 1685. The author in speaking of Trithemius says, "The Hieroglyphic he takes to express secret writing in general by the owl is very natural," In the

same way there are features in the first two pages of the Shakespeare First Folio and in the portrait of William Shakespeare that should have long ago prompted enquiry.

This *prima facie* evidence of the existence of cypher work in Bacon's books prompted an attempt to verify the Biliteral Cypher, but although I could readily perceive in capital letters the differences which are the foundation of that cypher I was entirely unable to classify the minute variations in the smaller letters. I then turned my attention to the Time or Clock Cypher, so called because "numbers were keyes." In his Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon enjoins his decypherer to "Court Time, a sure leader, and proceed to his Alphabet of Nature. Learne well two portions, Masses, and the Rule," and to "Turne Time into an ever-present, faithfull companion, friend, guide, light and way."

Turning to Bacon's "Alphabet of Nature" (BACONIANA, 1679) I found two sections respectively headed

"GREATER MASSES"

and

"THE RULE (OR FORME) OF THE ALPHABET,"

and I had no doubt that it was to these that the words in the Biliteral Cypher Story pointed.

"Greater Masses" consist of six Inquisitions, of which four are on the first page and the others on the following page. The four are entitled :—

"The 67th Inquisition. The three-fold Tau, or concerning the Earth.

The 68th Inquisition. The three-fold Upsilon, or concerning the Water.

The 69th Inquisition. The three-fold Phi, or concerning the Air.

The 70th Inquisition. The three-fold Chi, or concerning the Fire."

It occurred to me that the name "Alphabet of Nature" is a designation perfectly appropriate to the Shakespeare plays, and it seemed singular that whereas a full column of the First Folio contains 66 lines the first line of the Inquisitions in the "Alphabet of Nature" bears the sequent number 67, and it also appeared strange that the Inquisition that commences the second page bears the number 71, this number being the sum of 35 and 36, the catalogued and actual numbers of the plays. My impression that these two works are in some way connected was strengthened by the fact that whereas the subjects of the Inquisitions on the *first* page of the "Alphabet of Nature" are the Elements, the two concluding lines on the *last* page of *The Tempest* (the *first* play in the Folio and the *last* written) contain the words :—

"Then to the Elements

Be free,"

and when I found that the literal meaning of the word *Tempest* is "a PORTION of time" and that the *first* passage in the *last* Act includes the words, "Time goes upright with his carriage," I was convinced that the words, "Court Time, a sure leader" point to (among other things) *The Tempest*, the first or "leader" of the plays in the First Folio, and that it is through the medium of "The Alphabet of Nature" (described in BACONIANA, 1679, as "A FRAGMENT of a book written by the Lord Verulam") that Prospero redeems his promise to tell "The story of my life." Due warning that the task will be troublesome is given in the words :—

"'tis a Chronicle of day by day

Not a relation for a breakfast,"

but I was encouraged to make a trial by noticing that at the commencement of the 1640 *Advancement* Preface is the word PROSPEROUS, printed in a manner which suggests "Prospero" and its abbreviation "Pro" ("Prospero" means "Prosperous"). When in addition I found that the last word of the Preface is SPIRIT, standing in a line alone, and that, like *The Tempest* spirit Ariel, it is a spirit of "diligence and vigilance," and that the first page of the book has a portrait of Bacon seated under a poet's wreath; that the title-page of the 1662 Latin Edition of Bacon's "History of the Winds" has a representation of a ship and figures of Neptune and of Juno and her peacock, all these being points of resemblance to *The Tempest*; that the first experiment in "*Sylva Sylvarum*" deals with salt and fresh waters, on both of which considerable emphasis is laid in *The Tempest*; and that the second collected Edition of Bacon's works has upon its title-page "one tree, the Phoenix throne," a palm tree, the emblem of calmness and fortitude under calamity, I felt that mere coincidence failed to account for these and other similarities between *The Tempest* and Bacon's works.

That Prospero's method of telling his story is a secret one may be gathered from the Epilogue to *The Tempest*.

Now my Charmes ; are all ore-throwne
 And what strength I have's mine owne
 Which is most faint ; now 'tis true
 I must be heere confinde by you.
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not
 Since I have my Dukedome got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare Island, by your Spell,
 But release me from my bands
 With the helpe of your good hands
 Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
 Must fill, or else my project failes,

Which was to please : Now I want
 Spirits to enforce : Art to inchant
 And my ending is despaire,
 Unlesse I be relieved by praier
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your Indulgence set me free.

The supplicatory tone of these lines is in marked contrast with the exultant note of the closing lines of the Fourth and the opening lines of the Fifth and last Act.

At this houre
 Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
 Now do's my Project gather to a head :
 My charmes cracke not : my spirits obey.

In Prospero's exultation we see Bacon's elation on the completion of the secret history, showing things as they really were, which he had found such a long, wearisome, and dangerous undertaking; and in the Epilogue we have a reflection of his fears lest, "leaving a work of Time to Times mastery," it should fail to find a decypherer. "It is not easie to reveal secrets at the same time that a wall to guard them is built but this hath beene attempted." "If there bee none to decipher it at length, how many weary days will have beene lost." In his Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon further says of this work:—

"It would weary the veriest clod; when, however, it shall be completed, my joy will exceede th' past wearinesse."

"My labour must bring villanie unto just punishment, give the full name of one who is heir apparent to this kingdom, put to rightes the most important records of these lands."

"To this work have many weary years been ungrudgingly given."

"'Tis a thing rare, as you well know, this keeping of a purpose unalter'd through every change of a man's life."

"In truth feare is growing within mee that this is all a lost labour, for it doth seeme too well hidden to finde the light of daie, and it doth ever wage warre in my heart with most earnest desire for sweete assurance of a safety I have not for manie a day or yere felt."

"We having worked in drama, history that is most vigorously suppress, have put ourselfe so greatly in danger that a word unto Queene Elizabeth, without doubt, would give us a sodaine horrible end—an exit without re-entrance."

"Th' restlesse eyes of foes watched my worke, to finde a thread to twist into the loop of th' executioner."

"These true words would cost us dearly, were one of the tales so much, even, as whispered in some willing eare."

"I am torne betwixt feare that it be too well hid and a desire to see all my devices for transmitting this wondrous history preserved and bequeathed to a future generation undiscovered."

"Some might not trust a labour of yeeres to oblivion, and hope that it may one day be summoned to take upon it, one happy sunlit morning, its owne forme: yet doth some thought upholde me,—so hopefully my heart doth cling to its last desire, I write on each 'Resurgam,' beleeving they shall, even like man, arise from the dust to rejoyce againe in newnesse of life."

"When our decypherer doth see any works of ours, he knoweth at the first cursory glance it doth speak to him verie forcibly and maketh a plea for aide, that a prisoner may be set free."

Bacon's unfaltering faith in Divine justice, and his belief in the ultimate revelation of his real history, is beautifully expressed in the following words:—

"I thinke some ray, that farre offe golden morning, will glimmer even into th' tombe where I shall lie, and I shall know that wisdome led me thus to wait unhonour'd, as is meete, until in the perfected time,—which the Ruler, that doth wisely shape our ends—rough hewe them how we will doth even now knowe,—my justification bee complete."

"Farre off the day may be, yet in time here or hereafter, it shall be understood. Though sorrowe is my constant companion now joy shall come on that morning."

"Though it shall not happen in mine owne day, this assurance that it cannot fail to come forth in due time, maketh weary labour lesse tiresome. It is noe doubt long to wait, but whatever

should have beene ordained by that Supreme Governour of our lives doth give such a satisfaction, it doth fully sustaine and succour th' heart, so that it surmounteth all fears."

"No weary work can close my heart's doors 'gainst a Heavenly Guest."

Believing, as I do, that the characters Prospero, Ariel and Caliban represent the intellect, diligence and animal nature of one individual (In the same column Prospero speaks of Ariel as "my diligence," and of Caliban he says, "this thing of darknesse I Acknowledge mine"), I see in Ariel and Caliban's persistent desire for freedom the reflection of Bacon's references in the Biliteral Cypher Story to his "weary work." I also venture to think that Miranda personifies the Plays, and Ferdinand, whom she is to marry, the Cyphers and their dangerous character (the meaning of the name Ferdinand is "adventuring his life"), and that Prospero's warning to him in regard to Miranda is a figurative allusion to the risk of too precipitately associating the Cyphers and the plays. In the figure of the "brave vessel," "Dashed all to peeces," we see a reference to the breaking into fragments of Bacon's secret work and the scattering of it through his other writings. "Holy Gonzalo" I take to be the counterpart of Bacon's devoted Chaplain and Secretary, Dr. Rawley, to whom this affectionate appellation is peculiarly applicable, as is much more said of Gonzalo by Prospero. It is Gonzalo who repeatedly calls attention to the curious fact that there were no stains of seawater upon the garments of the shipwrecked voyagers, and, as Dr. Rawley, he would probably know the reason of this to be that the shipwreck (or scattering) took place in Bacon's Sea of Experiments, "*Sylva Sylvarum*," in regard to which Rawley says that he "had the Honour to be continually with my Lord, in completing of this Work." Of these Experiments

Rawley hints, in his Preface to the book, that they are not in proper order, and adds that those who look attentively into them will find that they have "a Secret Order." It would not surprise me to find that Prospero's island is "New Atlantis," which, in the many copies that have come under my notice, is invariably bound up with "*Sylva Sylvarum*." "New Atlantis," like "The Alphabet of Nature," is a FRAGMENT.

Ferdinand's task is log carrying ("this wooden slaverie"). The "logs" are probably logarithms. At the end of the log-carrying scene Ferdinand and Miranda having plighted their troth, Miranda says—

"and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence."

to which Ferdinand makes the response—

"A thousand, thousand."

"Thousand" is the last word used by him in this scene and, coupling this with log carrying, "*Sylva Sylvarum*" (wood of woods) with its 1,000 experiments is naturally suggested. "A thousand, thousand" are 1,000,000, and this number contains six cyphers, and that is the number of the cyphers named by Bacon in the Biliteral Cypher Story.

Caliban's chief task is wood carrying, and in view of the repeated references in *The Tempest* to "wood," or its relatives, I am inclined to think that these words are some of the "bonds of connexion" mentioned in "The Alphabet of Nature." Caliban says:—

"There's wood enough within."

"Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly."

"Do not torment me, prethee: I'll bring my wood home faster."

"I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough."

"I'll beare him no more stickes."

"With a log batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake."

Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax in a *pine*. Prospero threatens to enclose him in an *oak*. Ariel promises himself enjoyment "under the blossom that hangs on the *bough*." Prospero complains of his brother that "He was the Ivy which had hid my princely *Trunck*," and he says that he (Prospero) and Miranda were shipped in "a rotten carkasse of a *Butt*." Stephano escaped on "a *But* of sacke," and he requests Caliban to "swear by this bottle which I made of the *barke* of a *Tree*," and also says, "If you prove a mutineer, the next *Tree*." The reference to "one *Tree*, the Phoenix throne," has already been mentioned. Ben Jonson's ("my friend, adviser and assistant" he is called in the Biliteral Cypher Story) references to Bacon and Shakespeare occur under the name "Timber or Discoveries" (the first page has the heading "Sylva"), and his ode to Bacon on his sixtieth birthday, which contains the suggestive words—

"Thou stands't as if some Mysterie thou did'st !

'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine owne,"

appears under the heading "Underwoods," the first page of which bears, in distinctive type, the words "Sylva," "Wood," "Forrest" and "Underwood." The Biliteral Cypher Story tells us that Bacon was the author of "The Forrest," published as Ben Jonson's work. In the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* we have the expression, printed in italic type, "Woods and Inclosures of Particulars," and the next word, in the same type, is "Mathematiques." In another place we are told that "we must continually make our way through the woods of Experiences," and, lower down

the page, the word "Discoveries" stands alone, in distinctive type.

It is very remarkable that in connection with *Hamlet*, which, like *The Tempest*, ends with the promise of a life story which remains untold, we find in the Biliteral Cypher Story words that connect the Time Cypher with it, viz.—"The play of *Hamlet* hath the commencement of a Cypher rule of no small interest. One called a Time Cypher, because numbers were keyes sheweth you th' first o' th' directions." I will show later that the 73rd Inquisition in "The Alphabet of Nature," which is "The four-fold Alpha, or concerning Being and not Being," is, through the medium of the Time Cypher, connected with *Hamlet* in the First Folio.

A. J. WILLIAMS.

(To be continued.)

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

The Discovery at Belvoir Castle

On December 27th a long letter from Mr. Sidney Lee appeared in *The Times* announcing the discovery by the Historical Manuscripts Commission of a Book of Household Expenses incurred at Belvoir by Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland. In this book, under the heading of "Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions," there occurs an item alluding to Shakspeare. The entry reads thus:—

"1613.

"Item, 31 Martii, to Mr. Shakspeare in gold about my lordes *impreso*, xliiij; to Richard Burbage for painting and making yt, in gold xliiij*s*-iii*j* li viij*s*."

Mr. Lee discovers in this entry "a capricious sign of homage on the part of a wealthy and cultured nobleman to Shakespeare, who, in his last leisured years, complacently turned his powers of invention to playful account in the rich lord's interest." An *impresa*

was an heraldic or punning device suggesting some characteristic of the user. The one in question—for the idea of which Shakespeare was paid so handsomely—unfortunately does not exist, but it is supposed to have been used on the shield, weapons and armour of the Duke at an elaborate tilting match held at Belvoir in 1613.

We cannot deny that the entry may possibly bear the interpretation placed on it by Mr. Lee; but it seems very curious that such a (for those times) big sum should have been paid for a mere idea, and that, if the payment really was for mental and not manual value received, why it should appear under the unpromising heading, "Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions." There is not even a remote connection between these and literature, and we cannot avoid the suspicion that Shaksper earned his money not for a choice fancy of his brain, but in conjunction with Burbage as property master of a pageant. If we remember rightly, the late Sir Augustus Harris several times arranged and managed the Lord Mayor's Show.

Shaksperean Biography

Lecturing at the Royal Institution on January 18th, Canon Beeching is reported by *The Tribune* and *The Westminster Gazette* as having asserted that Shakespeare "was sent to the free Grammar School, at Stratford-on-Avon, at seven years of age (!) . . . they might guess that Shakespeare's home was not an ill nursery for one who was subsequently to stand before kings." On a correspondent questioning the authority for this breathless statement, Miss Marie Corelli informed *The Tribune* that Canon Beeching's statement was "unfortunately not founded on fact." She continued: "There is, of course, absolute proof that the school existed, for the names of the masters are known and the receipts of their stipends can be seen; and although it cannot be proved that Shakespeare was educated there, no evidence exists to the contrary (!!) It is therefore fairly reasonable to suppose," *etc., etc.* Comment is uncalled for.

From Heidelberg

IT was an agreeable surprise for me to find a *critique* on my little pamphlet, "Nachhall," concerning Shakespeare's *Tempest*, in your last issue, No. 13, page 66, 67. It appears, from the observations of the critic, that, as a "Baconian," I am considerably behind the times. I frankly confess that I am only a novice in Baconian studies, a Baconian of a few years' standing only—one who did not even know, until October last, that a Baconian Society existed in England, and that a quarterly magazine of BACONIANA was issued.

When I embarked on "The Tempest in Baconian Light" (1904), I ingeniously fancied that it would waken congenial echoes in the learned circles of Germany. But I have now abandoned this illusion, and am sorry to confess that Germany seems to be far behind the times in the great question concerning Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare dramas. I must say besides, that the Baconian topics in my "Nachhall" were rather tame or muffled, as the discourse was to be delivered before an audience most of whom were outspoken antagonists to the Bacon theory. I may say, now, after two years' experience, that enthusiasm concerning the Bacon theory is still below zero in Germany, and that, to thaw the ice, many more warm rays of Baconian light will be necessary. In fact, as far as I know, there are only about a dozen "convinced" Baconians in Germany, and none, as yet, in the chairs of our Universities. Yet we must not despair (*non desperandum est*). A beginning has been made, and, for my modest part, I venture to say, *mutatis mutandis*, what we read in Schiller's *Tell*: I am but doing what I feel compelled to do (*Ich hab getan, was ich nicht lassen konnte*), and I will, with my poor strength, continue to do what I can do.

I should feel much obliged if one of the Baconian leaders in England would undertake the task of severely examining my conjectures concerning Miranda, Sycorax, Caliban, etc., in my former little pamphlet, "Shakespeare's Tempest in Baconian Light." If I understand Shakespeare's *Tempest* aright, we have still many Calibans among us in our time; and, I fancy, the best method of fighting against them successfully would be to resuscitate—as you have done in England—as Begley did in his "*Nova Resuscitatio*," Bacon, the philosopher, and Bacon-Shakespeare, the poet. Noble Francis, the great genius, who was far before his time and full of hope when writing his *Tempest*, would, no doubt, feel happy to see our time so much advanced in Natural Science. But he would be disappointed, or, at least, astonished, to see our time so little advanced in the right seizing of "his fantastical toys."

G. HOLZER.

Bacon's Tomb

SIR JOHN COCKBURN favours us with some short extracts relating to Lord Verulam, from Frederick Lake Williams, in his "Description of Ancient Verulam," published 1822. In connection with the monument in St. Michael's Church, the Author writes:—

"We are lost in profound admiration when we contemplate that beautiful and expressive monumental statue of one of the first moral and natural philosophers that ever this nation produced; equal, if not superior, to any the world ever has seen—so completely absorbed is all sensation whilst we are only viewing the effects of art, to endeavour to convey to posterity the sage,

that we fear to aspire, unconscious of all but HIM. Speaking from conviction, and endeavouring to justify our feelings, we may be pardoned for inserting the following brief memoir of this vastly superlative character."

Further on, writing of the ruin of Gorhambury, he adds: "It has now become the retreat for commiserative sentiments in solitary mood, where the devoted visitor imagines his steps now press the sod which once supported the venerable sage; he treads with reverence; he experiences, in common with the philosopher, these bounties nature poured forth before him. He hails the manner of the departed, if, haply, that illuminated spirit still enjoys her accustomed haunts. In his ejaculations he adds a prayer, and beseeches the God of spirits, the source of all intelligence, to vouchsafe to him a portion of his light on whom these scenes once smiled."

Will. Kempe

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA"

SIR,—The Rev. A. Dyce, in his Introduction to "Kempe's Nine Days' Wonder," page 17 (Ed. 1840), says that Will. Kempe, the actor, whose jigs were so popular in Elizabeth's reign, was "famous for works in print." He gives a list of pieces erroneously attributed to his pen. He also says: "My belief is that the jigs in question were composed by regular dramatists, and that they were called 'Kempe's' merely because he had rendered them popular by his acting, and, probably, by flashes of extemporal wit." Was this also the case with Will. Shaxpur and his alleged works? Elizabeth speaks of Kempe as the greatest low comedian in England, and beloved by the people, after Tarleton's death.

It is interesting to know that Kempe called himself a "Knight of the Red Cross." He was familiarly known as "Jesting Will" and "Morrice-tripping Will," and was the "Grave-digger" in *Hamlet* of his day. Yours faithfully,

A "STAUNCH BACONIAN."

P.S.—The only copy *extant* of the "Nine Days' Wonder" is a Quarto, given by Robert Burton to the Bodleian.

Lady Anne Bacon

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA,"

SIR,—I am unaware if any of your members have remarked a peculiarity in one of Lady Bacon's letters to her son Anthony, dated 18th April, 1593 (I quote from Spedding's Life), which leads one to believe that Francis had written a letter in cypher to

Lady Bacon on the previous day, and which, as she declared herself unable to read it, she now sent to Anthony, with a request that it might be interpreted for her.

¹ The occasion was when Francis urgently begged Lady Bacon to consent to the sale of his estate called "Markes," as the money was required to pay his debts.

Here is part of the letter to Anthony :—"I received, some what late yesterday, all (that was) sent by the Glover. All the notes savour of discontents mixed I send herein your brother's letter. Construe the interpretation. I do not understand his enigmatical folded writing. . . . The scope of my so called by him "Circumstance," which I am sure he must understand, was not to use him as a ward,—a remote phrase to my plain motherly meaning. My plain proposition was, and is, to do him good. God bless my son. What he would have me do, and when, for his own good, as I now write. let him return plain answer by Finch. He was his father's first choice," etc.

The points I wish to remark on are—first, his enigmatical folded writing; second, she uses the word "ward," which might have a meaning that I am not aware of, but seems strange if she was really Francis' mother; third—"As I now write, let him return plain answer" (not in cypher?); fourth, he was his father's first choice. The latter word is doubtful. Spedding acknowledges he can't read it on the MS. and that it looks like "*chis*." Might I suggest that the word might be "*filis*," though the sense would be more perfect if the word was "care."

Speaking of Francis Bacon's letters also reminds me of the peculiar postscript he adds to an epistle written to the Earl of Essex, couched in mysterious language, about a man called "Huddler." The postscript runs thus: "I pray, sir, let not my jargon privilege my letter from burning, because it is not such but the light showeth through."

It would be worth while examining the original letter to see where "the light shows through," and if by "light" is meant a hidden meaning, or cypher; or, perhaps, the paper holds a mark only to be found on holding the letter up against the light.

Yours truly,

A. C. BUNTEN.

The Cipher Stories

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—I would like to call the attention of the readers of BACONIANA to a book, printed in London, which confirms certain statements made in the Bacon Cipher Story as deciphered by Dr. Orville W. Owen, vol i., pages 111 to 117. This book is entitled "The Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria." London, 1887 (Burns and Oates), edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. Jane Dormer (1538—1612) was a Catholic, an attendant of Queen Mary. With

her husband, Count Feria, she left London after the death of Queen Mary and lived and died in Spain. As she had no reason for concealing historical facts, while the Protestant historians of England had very urgent reasons for doing so (for they preferred to keep their heads on their shoulders, instead of being beheaded or maimed for life), she states some facts that have been suppressed in England—one of them was concerning the Princess Elizabeth, who, at the age of about fifteen years, was seduced by Admiral Thomas Seymour, and for which seduction the Admiral was condemned and executed. On page 83 is recorded as follows :—

“A great lady who knew her (Princess Elizabeth) very well, being a girl of twelve or thirteen, told me that she was proud and disdainful, and related to me some particulars of her scornful behavior, which much blemished the handsomeness and beauty of her person. In King Edward's time what passed between the Lord Admiral Sir Thomas Seymour and her, Dr. Latimer preached in a sermon, and was a chief cause that the Parliament condemned the Admiral. There was a bruit of a child born and miserably destroyed, but could not be discovered whose it was; only the report of the midwife, who was brought from her house blindfold thither, and so returned, saw nothing in the house while she was there, but a candle light; only she said it was the child of a very fair young lady. There was a muttering of the Admiral and this lady, who was then between fifteen and sixteen years of age. If it were so, it was the judgement of God upon the Admiral, and upon her, to make her ever after incapable of bearing children.” The Duchess, having left England after Elizabeth became the queen, knew nothing of her sons Francis and Robert, but was under the delusion then prevailing—that Elizabeth was a “virgin queen.”

A Mr. T. H., who is a clerk in the War Department (1905) in Washington, D.C., a native of Germany and a student of the Leipsic University at Leipsic, Germany, between 1853 and 1860, tells me he well remembers that while a student in the University he read in some history which was used as a text-book about an *attache* of the Dutch Legation from Holland who resided in London in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was a very handsome man, and, it was stated, had free access to the Queen's apartments and would go there, day or night, whenever he pleased—that it was well-known among the Queen's female attendants, from whom the story came. He cannot now recall the title of the history. I would suggest that some Baconian who is a resident of Leipsic attempt to find out what histories were used as text-books in that University between 1850 and 1860. A similar story is related of a member of the French Legation. In the “Great Cryptogram,” by I. Donnelly, on page 273, is the following: “And may not the maiden virtue rudely strumpeted be a reflection on her (Queen Elizabeth) of whom so many scandals were whispered, who, it is said, had kept

Leicester's bed-chamber next to her own," etc. Undoubtedly many confirmations of these statements, and of other revelations made in the cipher stories, can be found in printed books and in MS. that are still in existence in the various countries of Continental Europe.

In *BACONIANA* of October, 1892 (American Edition), page 87, are these extracts from the *Tempest* and *Much Ado About Nothing*:—

"B egun to tell me what I am ; but stopped
A nd left me to a bootless inquisition,
CON cluding, 'Stay not yet.'"

—*Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

"Then sigh not so,
B ut let them go,
A nd be you blithe and bonny ;
CON verting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny."

—*Much Ado*, act ii., sc. 3.

Here we have Bacon, as it says in *Love's Labour Lost*, without a crack or flaw ; and so we will find in many more places Bacon's and other names worked in.

With the exception of the above quotation from *BACONIANA* of 1892, I have not seen in the columns of this magazine any of the items mentioned in this letter. I trust the Editor will from time to time add other items of this nature and occasionally reproduce what has appeared in its columns years back. R. A. S.

War Department, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

"Eclipse Endured"

TO THE EDITOR OF "*BACONIANA*."

IN reference to Mr. George Stronach's letter, "Eclipse Endured," the word is to be found used in same sense in *Essay Of Great Place*. "The Standing is Slippery, and the Regress is either a downfall, or, at least, an Eclipse, which is a melancholy Thing."
H. S. S.

MR. STRONACH is positive of there being "no doubt" that the line in Sonnet 107, reading—

"The mortal moon hath her *eclipse endured*"

refers to the death of Queen Elizabeth ; and that the expression found in Bacon's "History of Henry VII." to the effect that "The Queen hath *endured* a strange eclipse," also referred to the same person. It is usually hard to disagree with Mr. Stronach, but I must do so in this instance. If we may believe Bacon himself, the queen referred to in his *Henry VII.* was the Queen

Dowager, and it was of her that he wrote: "This lady was amongst the examples of great variety of fortune . . . and even in his reign she had *endured a strange eclipse*." I know of no authority for the suggestion that Bacon was here writing of Elizabeth. It could not have been Elizabeth, for she did not *endure* her eclipse. She died. An eclipse signifies a temporary obscurity such as the Queen Dowager experienced. Her fortune changed, as did that of the person written about in the Sonnet. As Mr. Dowden has pointed out, the reference in Sonnet 107 is to the poet's friend (Bacon's own genius, which Mr. Dowden did *not* point out). Mr. Dowden says:

"But an earlier reference to a moon eclipse (xxxvi.) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present Sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse and come out none the less bright." Again, an eclipse by death would not be a "strange" one. Death is common enough, and F. Ba. Shakespeare always means what he says.

Mr. Wyndham, in his most excellent work upon the poems of Shakespeare, thinks the eclipse referred to in the Sonnet was an actual one which occurred on May 24th, 1603, "with a possible secondary allusion to the death of Elizabeth." This agrees with the possible date of the composition of the verse, and with a similar figure in *Antony and Cleopatra*, as follows:—

"Alack ! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony."

And Cleopatra was not then dead ! This play was also written about 1603, as was probably *King Lear* ("By M. William Shakespeare"), in which are also found the lines—

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us" (i. 2).

"O, these eclipses do portend these divisions" (i. 2).

Bacon, who was always "surprised with a sudden fit of fainting" upon any eclipse of the moon, would naturally find in such an event effective similes for use in his literary labours.

But there is much more of Bacon in this Sonnet than the significant identity which Mr. Stronach has also discovered. The word "incertainties" is distinctively Baconian. Says the Sonnet—

"Incertainities now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

"Beginning with incertainty and difficulty," Bacon writes in the "Interpretation of Nature." And, referring to this very time, he also writes, in the "History of Great Britain" (published in the same year as the Sonnets):

"Many were glad (after the death of the Queen) and especially those of settled estates and fortunes, that the fears and *incertainities* were overblown and that the dye was cast."

Says Shakespeare :

" I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

The Southamptonites find in this Sonnet some small ground to stand upon from the fact that that nobleman had been imprisoned in the Tower of London for participating in the treasonable practices of Essex, and had been released by James after the death of Elizabeth in 1603. The line—"Supposed as forfeit to a *confined doom*," is thought to refer to Southampton's confinement, but the context fails so palpably to fit the Stratford man that Mr. Massey, as usual, thinks the number "out of place." In my judgment, this "*confined doom*" was the identical "*confine immured*" found in number 84. But if something common and literal is desired, why not assume that it was Bacon's anticipated confinement along with Southampton? The latter was one of Bacon's closest intimates, and was, later, a witness to Bacon's patent of nobility. That Bacon was exceedingly wary in this matter, and that he was still the true friend of the erring nobleman there is no doubt, for he writes to Southampton after the death of Elizabeth that however incredible it might seem to him (Southampton), it was "as true a thing as God Himself knoweth," that the change of the Queen's death and the King's accession "had wrought no greater change towards his lordship than this—that he might safely be that now which he was truly before." In either event, the whole Sonnet brings Bacon into the very centre of the lime-light, while "Mr. Shagsper, of thone part," is not discernible in the Egyptian darkness which surrounds him.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Stronach (our decided thorn in the side of the Stratford "Idol of the Theatre") will "look again" before committing himself irrevocably to his identification of this eclipse. I ask him to read carefully the following Sonnet extracts :

XXXIII.

Even so my Sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, Alack ! he was but one hour mine :
The region cloud hath *masked* him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain (*mask*), when heaven's
sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my *cloak*,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both Moon and Sun.

Guthrie, Okla, U.S.A.

F. C. HUNT.

Eclipse Endured

MR. GERALD MASSEY pointed out the reference to Southampton's release from prison, contained in the 107th Sonnet. He also refers to Bacon's use of the same phrase:—"Bacon, I think, had no doubt of this Sonnet being written at the time of the Queen's death. Hence his borrowed description in the history of Henry VII.—'*The Queen hath endured a strange eclipse.*'" Exactly the same allusion—differently expressed—is found in the dedicatory epistle to King James at the beginning of our English Bibles. Mr. Massey gives the following very striking parallels, which shew that this dedication was written by Bacon. It is exactly in the style which he used in writing State documents and proclamations. Of course, Gerald Massey has nothing to say on this point. The parallels are as follows:—

DEDICATION.

It was the expectation of many.

Upon the setting of that bright occidental star.

The appearance of your Majesty, as of the sun in his strength.

"That men should have been in doubt—that it should be hardly known."

"Accompanied with peace and tranquility at home and abroad."

SONNET.

"Mine own fears"; and "the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come."

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured."

"New with the drops of this most balmy time," *i.e.*, the dews of this new April dawn.

"Incertainties now crown themselves assured."

"And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

R. M. T.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly draws our attention to the following extract from an article on "Roses," by the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1905:—

"Bacon often speaks of the rose, and in the *Sylva Sylvarum* he gives a special account of the scent, which shows how closely he had observed it. He says:—'The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not—as violets, roses, wallflowers, etc.' (No. 389). And I think he is the first English

writer that records that 'roses come twice in the year'; and one great charm in the scent of roses is that it is permanent, not only in faded flowers, but also after corruption. The old writers loved to dwell on this. Shakespeare's lines will suffice:—

"The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

. . . Canker roses
Die to themselves, sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made."

—*Sonnet 54.*

"Connected with the scent of the roses, there was a very common belief in the Middle Ages that the rose was improved, both in scent and vigour, by being planted amongst garlic; the explanation being that the garlic, in order to increase its evil smell, drew from the ground all that was bad, leaving all that was good for the rose; or, as described by Bacon: 'The ancients have set down that a rose set by garlic is sweeter; which likewise may be, because the more fetid juice of the earth goeth into the garlick, and the more odorate into the rose.'"

—*Sylva Sylvarum*, 481.

Essex and the Sonnets

It has been suggested (BACONIANA, January, 1906) that the word "you" should in certain cases be read "*ewe*" in the Sonnets. The following quotation—in which the words "you" and "yew" are played with—will, perhaps, show that the notion is not quite so far-fetched as it appears to be at the first glance:—

"*Sapho*.— . . . but why do you sigh so, *Phao*?

Phao.—It is mine use, madame.

Sapho.—It will doe you harme, and me too; for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh also.

Phao.—It were best then that your ladyship give me leave to be gone: for I can but sigh.

Sapho.—Nay, stay; for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave, though you bee gone. But what doe you thinke best for your sighing to take it away?

Phao.—Yew, madame?

Sapho.—Mee?

Phao.—No, madame, yew of the tree.

Sapho.—Then will I love yew the better. And indeed I thinke it would make me sleepe too, therefore all other simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

Phao.—Do, madame: for I thinke nothing in the world so good as yew."

(Act III., Scene iv., "Sapho and Phao, played beefore the Queene's Maiestie on Shrovetewsdays, by her Maiestie's Children, and the Boyes of Paules. Imprinted at London by Thomas Cadman, 1584." Attributed to John Lilly.)

R. J. D. S.

[There is a similar play upon words in Peele's *Polyhymnia* "describing the honourable Triumph at Tytt before her Majestie on the 17 of November last past. . . . Printed at London 1590":—

"Young Essex that thrice-honourable Earl
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourners dye
And plume as black as is the ravens wing
That from his armour borrowed such a light
As boughs of *yew* receive from shady stream
His staves were such, or of such *hue* at least
As are those banner-staves that mourners bear."

—EDITOR.]

Twickenham

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—Having recently explored Twickenham, your readers may like to hear what I found there. There is a villa to be let there by Messrs. Chancellor and Sons, King Street, with a Baconian Summer House in the garden. A spiral staircase took me to the first floor; it is five-sided, roomy, and old local tradition, dating back as far as I could trace it fifty or sixty years, says that here Bacon and Shakespeare sat and arranged the plays together. Continuing to track Francis' Twickenham Lodge Estate given him by Elizabeth, and lying just opposite her Palace of Sheen, I found two magnificent cedars, by ornamental water. Tradition again connects these with Bacon and Shakespeare, who "both had a fondness" for their shade. Here Bacon is said to have written his Essay on Gardens. Those interested in these most extraordinary traditions will find them enlarged upon by Mr. James Walter, a Twickenham man, now dead, in his beautifully got up book, "The True Life of Shakespeare" (Longmans, Green & Co., 1890). In it he speaks of the incontrovertible fact that Shakespeare visited his friend Bacon at his home at Twickenham, after they had arranged a Play together and brought it out at Gray's Inn. Mr. Walter also declares that the Queen discussed with Bacon the wit of Falstaff and Hamlet. Ah! the pity of it, that he does not give his authority. He mentions "Catholic Tradition." A family of Bardolph, friends of Shakespeare, is spoken of as living at Twickenham then, and the Vicar at that time is said to have been the brother of the Vicar of Stratford. I shall be glad to hear what your readers think of this surprising book.

Yours faithfully, ALICIA AMY LEITH.

March, 1906.

P.S.—*More Mead*, part of the Estate, is now devoted, as its owner would have wished, to football and cricket. It is a Public Recreation Ground.

The Bacon Society

(Incorporated).

The Annual General Meeting of the Society took place on Monday, March 12th, at No. 11, Hart Street; Mr. Granville C. Cunningham in the chair.

The Minutes of the preceding meeting having been read, Mr. Bayley—on behalf of Mr. Fearon, who was unavoidably absent—presented the accounts for the past year, showing a balance of £47 11s.

The following officers were elected :—President: Mr. Granville C. Cunningham. Vice-President: Mr. W. T. Smedley. Treasurer: Mr. Francis Fearon. Council: Messrs. Woodward, Fearon, Fulcher, Sinnett, and Bayley. Auditor: Mr. R. E. Mitchell.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Fleming Fulcher for organising the series of Drawing Room Lectures, which are being held with such success.

Mr. Edwin Bormann's Find

We understand that Mr. A. SIEGLE, of Langham Place, Regent Street, has acquired the English rights of Mr. Bormann's new work, which will probably be published in May.

New Shakespeareana

Owing to a hitch in the postal arrangements the current issue of *New Shakespeareana* has not reached us. We hope to forward to Members later.